

DISCORDER

october/97

the zine that tells it to the kids - from CTR 101.9 Fm

free!



ジョン・ディスコ

name: john disco
age: 19 - 21/08/78
place of birth: the streets of Dunoon
weapon: mirror ball
disguise: as a composer of jazz
mission: to find tony manerio
power stimulant: ska, disco + funk
power reducer: bad rock
transport: an atom powered astra
motto: dance or be dead!!



サイ・ファイ・スティーヴ

name: sci-fi steven
age: 21 - 20/03/76
place of birth: suspected mousehole
weapon: vicious vampire teeth
disguise: innocent mouseboy
mission: to stop spread of dinosaur germs
power stimulant: darkness + blood
power reducer: daylight + bad rock
transport: flying as a vampire bat
motto: I'm the x-defect



マンダリン

name: manda rin
age: 20 - 22/03/77
place of birth: thorn bush in thornliebank
weapon: sawn off hairclip
disguise: blonde wig + red swimsuit
mission: to seduce agent barymore
power stimulant: popcorn + cats
power reducer: dull music + dull colours
transport: thee mighty skateboard
motto: skate, scream, then seduce

20 questions with sue fox & khaela maricich › dodgy › brave combo › cmj



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DISCORDER

October 1997 Issue 177

FEATURES

Dodgy	9
Bis	10
Brave Combo	12
CMJ Wrap-Up	13
20 QUESTIONS WITH SUE P. FOX & KHAELA MARICICH	14

COLUMNS

COWSHEAD CHRONICLES	4
DIARY OF JONNIE LOAF BOY	4
INTERVIEW HELL	6
SUBCUT.	16
PRINTED MATTERS	17
BASSUNES	18
SEVEN INCH	19
UNDER REVIEW	20
REAL LIFE ACTION	22
CHARTS	26
ON THE DIAL	24
R/OCTOBER DATEBOOK	27

COVER

That chart-toppin', pop-poppin' band from the UK, bis, tops our October issue. Dance to 'em, sing with 'em, be a little pink ... Duh-sign by Kenneth.

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DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the November issue is October 8th. Ad space is available until October 15th and can be booked by calling Kevin at (604) 822-3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc (Mac, preferably) or in type. As always, English is preferred.

From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CTR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Show in White Rock. Call the CTR DJ line at 822-2487, our office at 822-3017 ext. 0, or our news and sports lines at 822-3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822-9364, email us at: citradio@mail.ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at <http://www.ams.ubc.ca/media/ctr/> or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #2336138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, CANADA V6T 1Z1.

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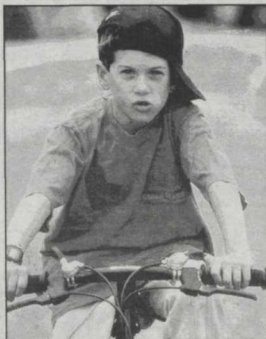
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the DISCORDER staff would like to thank our wunnerful production manager, barb yamazaki, for more than a year's worth of totally amazing, indispensible work! good luck, barb, and have a blast in torontol (of course, we wouldn't mind if you have a horrible time and come back home soon ...)

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

♥miko xkevinx
xox Ken xox Malcolm
we'll miss you, barb! trist



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POST 10/25/94

Radio Inter view

Live from Thunderbird Radio Hell can be heard Thursdays from 9-11 pm on
CITR 101.9 FM



Who are you (names, ages, instruments played)?

All: We are Emulsifier! You will be assimilated! **How do you describe yourself to relatives who have no idea about what you play? Would you mention to them that Emulsifier contains members of Marmalade, Squeaky, more socks and The Matthew Good Band?**

Selena: I only have five relatives, four of whom are over 50. So, I guess I wouldn't say anything. **James:** Well obviously, the first thing I would mention is that I was in The Matthew Good Band because everything after that pales in comparison ... well, except for Marmalade. **Chuck:** 'You'll hate this too, mum.'

What is the antithesis of your band?

Selena: The Moist Lady Stone Temple Earth Mother Peace Jam Party. **Chuck:** What she said. **James:** Yeah.

Have any of you ever gone into a large department store with the intention of purchasing an item but after realizing you didn't have enough money, took it anyways?

Selena: Oh no, I knew I was gonna take it [a bluish-brush]. I didn't stand there thinking, 'I don't have enough money. What should I do?' I was on the ragged ass road long before Tom Cochrane. **James:** I once stole an Iron Maiden tape. **Chuck:** Which one?



Is auto-erotic asphyxiation a bad idea?

James: Only if you die from it. **Chuck:** [makes choking noises, wriggles violently] Funny you should ask. I know of a pretty sad case who, having been pulled back from the brink of death in similar circumstances several times previously, finally washed up on the river's edge, bloated and blue at last. I think his terminal crime [to strait jacket and a double-ended noose linking his neck to the base of his 'thinking organ'] proves pretty conclusively that, no, auto-erotic asphyxiation is, in fact, a fantastic idea.

Selena: I think a better sexual high would be to get some xxxxxx & xxxxxx xxxxxx xxxxxx and attach it to the xxx xxxxxx xxxxxx. But only if you have xxxxxx experience with xxxxxx xxxxxx xxxxxx xxxxxx xxxxxx and xxxxxx.

James: Double live, I think.

Chuck: All I ever stole from a big store was a minuscule box of After Eights, when I was about ten. I got lost on the way out and had to ask for directions from a security guard or something. It was like instant karma. I NEVER STOLE AGAIN.

Tell us about the first 'local' gig you went to, okay? You know, of the non-commercial variety. Please?

Selena: The Jackson Five Victory Tour. Only Michael Jackson was in the commercial. **James:** It would be the Merry Pranksters at a graduation party in '87.

Chuck: I guess Ride was the first show I didn't have to pay to get into, if that's what you mean by non-commercial ...

Tapes or CDs?

Chuck: Tapes rock. CD's suck. Records are pretty okay too.

James: But CDs are sooo compact ...

Chuck: Not so compact that you can fit them in your pocket ... or anywhere else for that matter, except for a CD player or swanky tower rack from Ikea.

Selena: Momma talkin' to me try to tell me how to live ...

Chuck: Damn straight ...

James: Yeah, tapes ... [imitates tape hiss, poorly].

How about a sampling from your own personal reading lists?

Selena: I enjoy reading nonfiction, literature, poetry, biographies and books on psychic phenomena. **James:** John Irving's *A Prayer for Owen Meany*,

Cider House Rules, Alain-Fournier's *Le Grand Meaulnes*, and Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

Chuck: Timothy Findley's *Headhunter*, Salvador Dali's *Midday Faces*, somebody de Lillo's *White Noise*, and Doszowsky's *Crime and Punishment*, until some fucker at work stole it, that is. You know who you are.

Anything else to add?

Selena: I write the rhyme that bustz tha mindz ...

Chuck: I gotz tha skillz to pay tha billz ...

James: I blatz tha skinz til theyz bashed inz ...

Disography:

3 song demo available only through shameless gawwing directed to: chuck@direct.ca. Forthcoming album-type thing soon ...*

WISECRACK

Who are you (names, ages, instruments played)?

We: Wisecrack [not to be confused with the "Dare" crackers found on the shelves of your local grocery store.] However, we're working on a deal as we speak, to some of their people. They want us to write a song for them to use in a commercial aimed at the punk youth of today. You know, lots of cool looking skateboarder types, and a BMX guy. Maybe a snowboarder too. Yeah! No, but really we're just three kids addicted to catchy high speed melodic hardcore. Kyle's 24, plays bass and sings, and feels 42. Gavin's 21, plays guitar and sings, and his due date is after this weekend's two-four. Kris plays drums and thinks he's 17.

Kyle, why did you start Spawner Records? Was anyone else documenting the Langley/Surrey scene?

Well, I started Spawner to fill my ego. I mean, I love having control over four bands. I talk, they listen, yeah! I love it! Actually, I just wanted to help out our band and some other good local punk bands. It's not just my label. All the bands work together. Right now we're working on a four-band split CD with the Redwoods, Storebought, the Grains and us. It'll be out late October, hopefully. Another great label is Positive/Landscape Records, which of course has gab and Another Joe on it ... I don't know many other labels, but there's definitely tons of good bands across Canada like the Malchiks, Tim from Victoria, 3 on 1 from Saskatchewan, Belvedere from Calgary, Reset from Montreal. There's too many good Canadian punk bands to mention all of them.

Kris, what's it like to be a 'punk rock' electrician? Are you really an electrician? Any 'shocking' stories to relate to the readers?

It's pretty rad. Actually, I was asked by L.A. Guns to be their tour electrician last year, and it was Skid Row! Can't remember, but I declined the offer because of prior commitments to play in Wisecrack and be part of the one punk rock band that really is going to change the world as we know it today. No, but really, about being an electrician, I feel like an outcast for a while, then I found out Fletcher from Pennywise is an electrician too, so I'm not the only one.

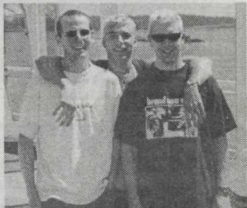
And Gavin, tell us about yourself. Have you ever slashed a BC Transit bus seat? Describe a typical day with Gavin, the guitar thumper from Wisecrack?

I'm a regular 21 year old guy by day and a 33 year old Drag Queen by night that does nothing but drink beer. Just kidding, it doesn't matter who I am. I've never slashed a bus seat before but there's

always a first time for everything, right? A typical day with me would be wake up, eat, work, skate, band practice, have a beer, then pet my poor dog Spike's statue before I go to bed.

Wisecrack, please state your favourite conspiracy theory, OK?

THEY'RE HERE. Need we say more?



Ask yourself TWO questions and answer them.

Do we think that Vancouver needs a good all ages venue in the downtown area?

Yeah, they need to open the New York Theatre again or something as good. There really does need to be a venue downtown. North Van is cool and all, but we think a lot of kids don't go there for local shows because it's all the way in North Van. We need to get the all ages scene tighter between downtown and the suburbs.

Are we looking to add a lead guitarist who can sing backup vocals too? Yes, in fact we are at the moment. So if you have a good attitude and can do amazing Kirk Hammett solos then give us a call.

Anything else to add?

Pingu is the best clay animation show we have ever seen and it's all in French. Look for the comeback of a legend. Also, we're going on our first tour in October all the way to Manitoba and back. So that should be pretty cool, battling all the snow in the prairies and stuff.

Disography: four-song selftitled demo tape, nine-song selftitled demo tape, 12-song *Jinxed* CD [Spawner], 24-song *Homeless* in BC four-band compilation CD [Spawner]

Contact name and address:

19705 Fraser Highway, Box 93046, Langley, BC, Canada, V3A 8H2; Kris: 604.534.6038/ Kyle: 604.258.3537

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Topless Women Talk about Their Lives (New Zealand, 90 min.) The ultra-low budget surprise of the year is Harry Sinclair's veracious, uncut comedy about a group of 20-somethings and their confusion over love, sex and commitment. At the centre is Liz, a towering performance by the pregnant Danielle Cormack, who realises she's missed an appointment for an abortion—leading to the funniest real-life birth ever filmed. **Fri, Oct 3, 7:00 @ Ridge / Sun, Oct 5, Noon @ Caprice**



Drive, She Said (Canada, 95 min.) Mina Shum's follow-up to *Double Happiness* is this stylish romantic comedy-road-movie, that tells the tale of an ordinary person in an extraordinary situation. Small town bank teller Nadine Ship (Mina Kelly) finds herself at the centre of a hostage-taking in a dramatic bank heist gone wrong. While on the lam, her abductor asks her to help him by becoming his willing hostage for a few days. Nadine's whimsy leads her down a very different path than the one she was comfortably on... **Fri, Oct 3, 9:30 @ Ridge / Mon, Oct 6, 12:15 pm @ Robson Sq**



Onibi: The Fire Within (Japan, 101 min.) More or less the same storyline as Mochizuki Roku's earlier *Onibi*, this Japanese film, which is something else in tone and style. Kunihiko (career-best performance from Harada Yoshi) is released from jail into an Osaka he doesn't much like. He tries to go straight, but eventually joins a yakuza gang, first as a dancer, then as a debt collector. Sex, violence and lacerating moral complexities ensue. Probably the best Japanese film of the year. **Fri, Oct 3, 9:30 @ Van Centre / Sun, Oct 5, 2:00 @ Van Centre**



A Gun for Jennifer (USA, 91 min.) Turning action-movie conventions on their heads, *A Gun for Jennifer* puts the firearms in the hands of a gang of female vigilantes fed up with a world where male sex offenders get off with a slap on the wrist. It's a classic B-movie—with plenty of blood and guts—capturing the spirit of *Taxi Driver* crossed with *Fastest Pussycat Kill Kill*. **Fri, Oct 3, Midnight @ Caprice / Sun, Oct 5, 9:30 @ Ridge**



Hana-Bi (Japan, 103 min.) Kitaro Takashi's new film is his best since *Sonatine*. He stars as a taciturn cop forced to resist after vengefully killing the criminal who had just shot two other cops. He robs a bank to pay his debts and gives his dying wife one last vacation... and waits for former colleagues to catch him. An elegiac meditation on life, art and death, it makes extensive visual use of Kitaro's own paintings, as exhibited in Vancouver last year. **Sat, Oct 4, 7:00 @ Ridge / Sat, Oct 11, 4:00 @ Ridge**



Six Ways to Sunday (USA, 95 min.) Rising star Norman Reedus (*Mimic*) and Adrian Brody join a great cast featuring Deborah Harry, Elina Löwenstam and Isaac Hayes in this stylish, pulp fiction tale about a fledgling 18-year-old hitman whose life just won't stop getting more complicated. Set amidst the Jewish crime family scene of small-town Ohio, it has got enough edge to recall Tarantino, a tone worthy of early Lynch and Oedipal complications rarely seen since Bertolucci's heyday. **Sat, Oct 4, 9:30 @ Caprice / Wed, Oct 8, 2:30 @ Caprice**



Happy Together (Hong Kong, 92 min.) Two lovers from HK break up soon after their arrival in Argentina. One (Leslie Cheung) becomes a rent-boy looking for good times. The other (Tony Leung) works as a doorman and a cool while the ties to pull himself together emotionally and earn enough to go home—a process aided by his encounter with a kid from Taiwan (Chang Chen). Memorable for HK in 1997 about in a story of reunion, starting over and irreconcilable differences. Best Director prize for Wong Kar-Wai. (Charming Express) in Cannes. **Thu, Oct 2, 9:30 @ Ridge / Sun, Oct 5, 4:00 @ Ridge**



An Ambiguous Report About the End of the World (Czech Republic, 157 min.) Veteran director Juraj Jakubisko gives us a wild, wild and densely layered apocalyptic view of life in a small mountain village in Central Europe. From the opening scenes—wolves descend on a village wedding and slaughter most of the inhabitants—we are treated to a tragic, surreal chronicle of the community's ups and downs, replete with set pieces and images to leave you gasping. **Sat, Oct 4, 2:00 @ Caprice / Mon, Oct 6, 8:45 @ Caprice**



Fame Where (USA, 73 min.) Midnight town Jon Martoglu (*Mo'Nasty* Explosion, VFF 1994) is back with another trashy film—sort of Warhol meets Kids in the Hall—which intertwines five stories to examine the pursuit of fame. Jody George is the world's top-ranked tennis player whose world unravels when rumors circulate that he's gay. Stephen is an artist who wants adulation at any cost, except through her own efforts; and George, a disponded worker, is terrified of being ridiculed and losing his imaginary companion. Warning: Likely to offend... **Mon, Oct 6, 10:00 @ Van Centre / Sat, Oct 11, Midnight @ Plaza**

Clubbed to Death (France, 90 min.) A kind of contemporary *Alice in Wonderland*, Yolande Zauberman's latest recreates the continental rare score with electrifying immediacy and dreamlike sensuality. While the film is essentially a love story about Lola, a 20-year-old who falls asleep on a bus and ends up at huge nightclub, it features a surreal nocturnal atmosphere created by superb hand-held camera work and a knockout soundtrack featuring Massive Attack, Robby and other trip-hop and techno artists. **Tue, Oct 7, 2:30 @ Van Centre / Thu, Oct 9, 9:30 @ Caprice**

Nanette et Boni (France, 1996) Aided by the atmospheric soundtrack of England's beloved The Tinklers, Celine Denis (*Chocolat*, *I Can't Sleep*) gives us her richest work to date. A Nanette pizza worker with a rich masochistic fantasy life, finds his 15-year-old sister on his doorstep, pregnant. Proving Denis is one of the most talented auteurs of her generation, the film reveals not only her trademark sensual, tactile filmmaking, but also daring experimentation. Golden Leopard for Best Film, 1996 Locarno Film Festival. **Tue, Oct 7, 8:30 @ Van Centre / Thu, Oct 9, 4:00 @ Van Centre**

Parallels Worlds: Animated Shorts (Various Countries, 86 min.) A wide variety of styles and techniques are represented in this collection of animated shorts taking up diverse themes, from ecological crises to the British obsession with transiophobia. Includes Richard "Reeves" camerless animated journey into the sublime. *Linear Dreams* (Canada, 3 min.), and *Flatland* (Great Britain, 30 min.), a conceptual tour-de-force that imagines a world collapsed into the dimensions of television. **Sun, Oct 5, 2:00 @ Cineplex / Wed, Oct 8, 9:30 @ Cineplex**

Theatres: Caprice, Cinéma, Plaza, Ridge, Robson Square, and Vancouver Centre
Passes and Tickets on Sale Now at the Virgin Megastore and Rogers Video (Arbutus + Broadway) or Charge by Phone: 686-8297 (Diners Club/Novus, Mastercard, VISA).
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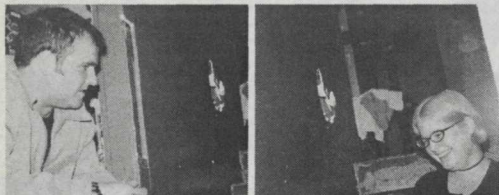
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dodgy

by Christine
Gfroerer

photos by Quentin



This interview was done in two parts: the first part consisted of a rushed 10 minutes with Matt Priest, Dodgy drummer; backstage at the Starfish Set just before they were to go on stage. The second part took place after their set. In all the chaos following their gig, I had to sneak backstage since no one recognized me as a legitimate representative of the press (I suppose I couldn't blame them). When I tracked down Matt again I was feeling a bit shy and was prepared to let him off the hook if necessary, but he insisted on finishing the interview. Here are some of this 'Dodgy' character's views on everything from their latest album *Free Peace Sweet* to fashion-conscious journalists.

Playing Edgewise

"It was great 'cause it was only 35 minutes that we had to play. It's good 'cause [we] can go on and just do [our] hits, because not a lot of people know who we are. I think we were the token British band [on the bill]. There were a lot of girls in the audience, all of them were really into rock, they were all doing this [demonstrates with arms up in the air] you know, crowdsurfing. It was very bizarre."

The other (mostly Canadian) bands on the Edgewise roster

"I didn't see any of them, to tell you the truth. We didn't get a chance to see any of them, but we will in Calgary. I Mother Earth, they seemed like nice enough guys... their music's sort of prog/progressive. They're all very rock, aren't they, all the bands on the bill? All these people in the audience [were] slamdancing, which I fucking despise. North America's responsible for a lot of bad grunge music — apart from Nirvana and the odd other band, it's all bollocks. This band The Tea Party sound like that as well, but they seem like they've

got Eastern tuning and sound a bit like the Doors, which is a good start. I haven't heard them yet, though, so I can't slog them off."

Fame and having hits in the UK

"We've had about 12 hits in the UK and five of them in the Top 20. Charting isn't that important, but when you first start off, it is important to get known by charting. When you get in the charts, magazines and television programmes tend to take notice. But the chart business doesn't bother me all that much, because the actual charts get rigged anyway. It's gigs like tonight's that really matter."

Getting dropped by US label just prior to *Free Peace Sweet*'s release

"They [A&M Records] haven't released our records [in the US] for about three albums basically, which pissed us off completely. They had this A&R man from the American part of our label who was really xenophobic and into homegrown American grunge music and wouldn't have anything to do with British bands at all. It was all political and we got caught up in it and as a result we couldn't get

released in the US. And we signed to A&M for America! I think we got off A&M in America now finally, which means we can sign to whoever we like. We've been told [the labels] have been queuing around the block in America, so we've just got to pick the right one, really."

Rooming with The Bluetones

"We lived in a house with them in West London, but they weren't called The Bluetones then. Later on they called themselves The Bluetones but they still weren't signed [to a label]. In the meantime Dodgy were signed, but we weren't that successful. But as we grew, they grew. We moved out eventually but they stayed on. They're really good mates of ours. It was amazing 'cause we'd have these parties and get off our heads together and me and Mark [Bluetones' vocalist] would dream about being in the Top 5 and then two years later we're both in the Top 5! It was incredible really, best of luck to them — they're a good bunch of lads!"

Sounding like Chicago and The Who

"Chicago?! Absolutely fucking nah! We've never listened to Chicago in our fucking lives! We listen to Stax soul and funk which is where our trumpet

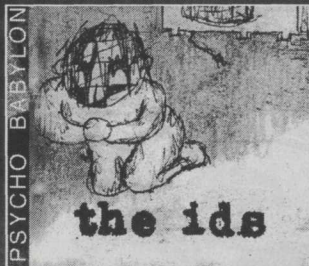
sound comes from. The Who are a massive influence, they're one of the greatest rock and roll bands ever. In [our] early days, The Who and The Beatles were the biggest influence on us, but we've sort of moved on a little bit since then, getting into The Beach Boys and stuff like that."

Bad hair days

"Journalists used to go on about Nigel's hair [Dodgy's bassist] and Andy's hair [lead guitarist]. Andy's hair was quite outrageous at one point and Nigel's hair was just long and curly. Journalists like to have their rock bands looking a certain way, but we were quite eclectic and we didn't sort of fit together, but we always dressed better than any journalists. Journalists would come up to us and say, 'You dress funny and your hair's long' and we'd say, 'What the fuck do you look like in your Dr. Marten's and black jeans?'"

If they wrote about our music and said we've written a bad song or a good song, we'd think maybe they've picked up on it. But since we don't really write any substandard material all they can think to write about is our hair or our clothes which obviously really doesn't fucking matter, because we've still managed to get fans and we've still managed to come this far, so fuck 'em."*

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the new transistor heros

bis

by Julie Colero



The first time I saw bis, you were on Top Of The Pops. I was really impressed because you were the only band who played live. How many times did you play on TOTP?

Sci-Fi Steven: We've been on twice with the same song ["Kandy Pop"], which is kind of strange. Everybody was there to see Take That ...

So you're on the same level as Take That? Yeah, we were, for about a week ... We've had our spurts of fame. At the time, we were quite popular; over the summer [of 1996] we were infamous. This year we haven't really been in Britain at all, so [our popularity] has been more in America and in Japan. We're not doing as well in Britain as we were before ...

... but you're branching out.

Exactly. We've done really well in Japan, actually. It's focused our attention there more than anywhere else. We've sold about 100,000 albums there. It's quite ridiculous, about 20 times what we've sold anywhere else. It's nice to be big somewhere. It makes it all worthwhile to see people so enthusiastic about us.

You haven't put much effort into Canada yet, have you?

It's slightly beyond our control. The problem with the record in Canada is that Grand Royal doesn't

have a proper distributor. We played one show in Toronto, where the record is hardly available, and yet 500 people came to see us. We weren't really expecting anything like that. It's been like that across America as well. We're doing quite well on radio, and people are coming to the shows, but we've yet to sell extraordinary amounts of records. Our Seattle shows have been really good. We had a bit of an argument, a bit of a disaster night [when they played a licensed show]. It always happens that on at least one night of each tour we'll have a show which'll be for over 21s only. That time, it was a bit of a comedy, as they wouldn't let John and Amanda into the venue. We sneaked as many people as we could in, people we knew were underage ... we're used to doing that at home, too, as at most of the places you have to be over 18. It's a shame for people who can't get in, but with a little bit of effort ... I've been sneaked into tons of gigs ...

When I wrote to your fan club, you sent me candy. You guys have a great organization going ...

Yeah, we try to make ours better than other peo-

ple's. We've had years of being fans and writing away and never getting any replies, and it's like, these are the people that buy our records, so it's our obligation — and it keeps us happy as well. If we're not doing well, selling records or playing live or whatever, we've always got the loyal fans that we write to.

Are you becoming Americanized?

Slowly, yeah. We're trying desperately not to, but it's a lot of little things ... occasionally someone will say "tom-ay-to" instead of "tom-ah-to," and we all go, "WHAT?" You have to adopt a certain amount of Americana when you come over here for so long. If I go into a Denny's and I want a take-away, they won't know what I'm meaning unless I ask for a meal to go. I feel really horrible saying it. It's so foreign to what I would normally say. I do get service quicker, though. You have to spell everything out, and it kind of drives me mad. Hopefully once I'm home I won't do that anymore. If I do, my girlfriend will kill me ...

Is bis all finished with school?

Yeah, we've been doing music full-time since the spring of 1996. We don't really have time to go to school right now, any university-type stuff.

I see similarities between bis and Huggy Bear. Are they one of your influences? Probably, yeah. They're one of the few bands from Britain that I actually got into, and I suppose they were more inspirational than influential. I like a lot of their records, but I think it was more the attitude that we took from them, really. They actually spoke to all of us. I really liked Bikini Kill and Bratmobile



at that time, but these were Riot Grrrl bands which were very much for girls. Being a boy, being really into Riot Grrrl bands, I felt a certain sort of outsiderness until Huggy Bear came along: there were two guys in the band, and it was a Riot Grrrl band with boys in. That kind of made it okay for us to be, well, I wouldn't say we're essentially a Riot Grrrl band, but it's definitely part of what we do. Huggy Bear made it okay for John and I to be in a Riot Grrrl band. The earlier stuff we did, some of the singles, are more Riot Grrrl than what we do now. We're not moving away from that, just embracing it from a larger perspective. Riot Grrrl was a big influence on Amanda and I; though I think John's always been stuck with his disco fever ...

Who's the one who's into ska?

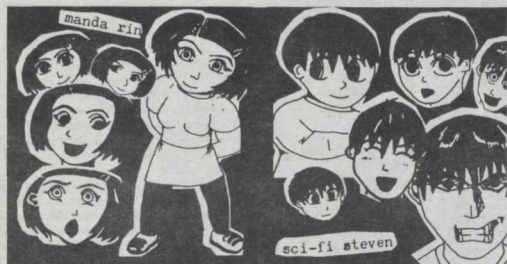
That's John as well. John pretty much doesn't like anything that has existed in this decade or the one previous. He's SeventiesMan. I'm the '80s fan — I don't know why, really. I like the records that were around when I was a child. I always go back to Adam and the Ants and New Order, stuff I grew up with. The '80s sound just appeals to me.



I haven't heard your Smiths cover yet [from *The Smiths Is Dead*], but I liked your version of 'We Are So Fragile' on the Gary Numan tribute CD.

That one's funny, yeah. The Smiths one's a bit more deconstructive, really. I quite like the Smiths, but I really don't like 'The Boy With The Thorn In His Side,' the song we did. We didn't pick it, it was thrust upon us. Everyone else [who] had done the album picked their songs, but because it was a cover version of the whole album [*The Queen Is Dead*], we got left with the song that nobody wanted. I'm the only one out of the band that vaguely likes the Smiths, so we kinda destroyed the song. It doesn't really bear much resemblance to the original.

Ocean Colour Scene, who do the most appalling retro stuff. They have these pretences of being grandiose and important, and that's what makes them really horrible. I like certain bands that pull rock-star poses, like the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, because they can pull it off. But when you're a British band pretending to be the Grateful Dead, that's quite a nasty thing to do. [Crispin Mili] is a complete prick. His perception of things is so fucked up, because he comes from a public school background. Because his mom was so rich and famous, he was pampered and spoiled. He has no perception of what life is. He comes out with these big statements, like that he loves the swastika, which he can fuck off completely for saying.



Are you happy to be signed to Grand Royal?

Oh, definitely. I don't think we could do any better. The support that the label gives us is phenomenal. It's a comfortable environment to be in. We could have taken the easy way out and signed to a small independent here, and we would have done alright, but we decided to go for a slightly bigger setup. We're signed to Wija in Britain, which is run by one person. It's the same with Grand Royal, which is run by a band [the Beastie Boys]. We just want to deal with people who are more in touch with how we feel about stuff.

The fact that you're ultimately affiliated with Polygram seems to go against earlier band ethics.

People misinterpret what that was all about. We talked about 'Fake DIY' and we fought against it all the time, but we've never ever said that we hate major labels. Over here, there's a much bigger divide between independent and major labels; in Britain, there's so little difference.

What's with the Teen Vampire fixation? Is it all good clean fun where you're from?

My vampire obsession comes from British horror films. British horror movies are the tackiest horror movies that you can think of, which I find are brilliantly made. There's so much that I love about them — that's where it all started for me. I'm really not interested in the gothic aspect of it at all; I'm interested in the cinematic vision of vampires. Christopher Lee is this actor who has played Dracula in 30 or 40 films. He's the British equivalent of Bela Lugosi, but much better looking. Since I was very young, I've been obsessed with Christopher Lee and his horror films. I wouldn't really encourage the Marilyn Manson goth thing. I wouldn't want them coming to our shows, thinking that we're some sort of vampire cult.

What is your take on the Brit-pop scene at present. Who do you like?

I have problems with most British bands. I suppose that the only British band that I really respect and deeply love is Blur. Everyone else I have the occasional problem with. I don't have too many problems with Oasis, except that I think they make dull records and say a lot of stupid stuff. The real people I have problems with are bands like Kula Shaker and

What kind of an upbringing did you have?

John and I have moved a lot about Scotland. We've lived in Dunoon, where there's an American naval base, so we grew up with a lot of American kids. I guess we've been slightly Americanized from the start. We moved to the Glasgow area about ten years ago, and we lived in a really dodgy part for a few years. Now we live in an OK part. Our parents have always been really supportive of our making music, which I suppose is the main thing. Although we may not have had immense amounts of money to go out and buy as many instruments as we wanted, we got by with what we had. We were always interested in writing songs. Amanda doesn't come from as musical a background as we do; our mom was a music teacher, so she really helped us out a lot. Our parents didn't really think that the band could be taken seriously until we made it onto *Top Of The Pops*. I'm glad we didn't have stuck-up parents that wanted us to get proper jobs. If his were to fall apart tomorrow, I could still go back and do what I want, go to college or whatever. If we [hadn't] made it big, we'd still be playing around Glasgow, waiting for our big chance.

How did you get discovered?

We did it in a very punkrock, DIY way. We just decided to turn up at gigs and play. We never sent out any demo tapes to any labels. We waited until we put records out ourselves. We made people come to us. Essentially, we discovered ourselves. When we were on *Top Of The Pops*, we were on there without a record deal, which was the first time that had ever happened. We are actually in the *Guinness Book of World Records* now, I think. We got recognition through our fanzines, making contacts rather than hoping that a record label would find us. We did it ourselves.

Does your name mean anything?

Yeah, in certain languages. It means 'Encore' in Spanish and Latin. At classical concerts, in whatever century, people would shout 'Bis!' if they wanted the orchestra to play more.

So it's not some catchy little word then.

Well, it is in English ... so it does have some meaning, but nothing particularly dramatic.

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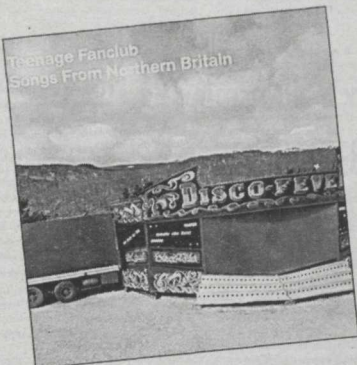
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brave combo

BRAVE COMBO is one of those genre-bending bands that breathes new life into the overused adjective "eclectic." Since 1979 when they first surfaced in Denton, Texas (a college town near Dallas) as a "nuclear polka band," BC has broken stylistic barriers like no one else. The ethnic sources of Brave Combo's style span the globe and include polkas, mambo, two-steps, salsa, merengue, ska, zydeco, the twist, acid rock, bubblegum, and even Muzak. They were quite possibly the ultimate "World Beat" band long before the term was coined.



by Val Cormier

Brave Combo's musical collaborations are equally as diverse as their compositions and include contributions to the soundtrack of David Byrne's film *True Stories*, writing music for the 1994 Olympic performance of US ice dancers Elizabeth Punsalan and Jerod Swallow and a 1996 release, *Girl*, recorded with Tiny Tim. Their performing career has taken them to venues as diverse as rock clubs, state fairs, polka festivals, parades (including Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, marching underneath Woody Woodpecker), mental institutions (their first tour) and weddings (including David Byrne's).

DISCORDER spoke with Carl Finch (guitar, vocals, keyboards), Cenobio Xavier (Bubba) Hernandez (bass, tuba), Jeffrey Barnes (clarinet, saxophone, harmonica, didgeridoo, etc.), Danny O'Brien (trumpet), Joe Cripps (percussion) and Greg Beck (drums) before a recent San Francisco-area show. There's a good chance they'll be in our area again this year (sans Tiny, of course).

How would you describe your music to someone who's never heard it before?
Carl: Well, you're in a better position than I am... But how would you describe what you do?

Carl: That's really hard, because you can't sum it up in a sentence. Part of what we're about is dealing with short attention spans, and we all have short attention spans. One of the main reasons we jump around a lot is that we're a band in the '90s, and there are certain aspects of that you have to accept. Even the slowest people live a fast lifestyle in the '90s; you can't really go against that.

In terms of musical influences, what did you all listen to growing up?

Danny: A lot of older rock 'n' roll. I got my sister's records, and then when I started playing trumpet I listened to mainly jazz music. I didn't hear polkas until I got into Brave Combo.

Bubba: I was fortunate that my parents had very international ears. My mom would, you know, turn me on to a lot of musicals and a lot of international music and Dad pretty much had the Mexican radio on all the time. My older sisters actually saw Elvis shows and my big brother was kind of on the tail end of acid hippiedom, so I got all the Cream and Jimi Hendrix. My grandfathers wrote a bunch of polkas and waltzes and stuff, so a lot of the music that Brave Combo was playing was, you know, being played in my living room.

So you were born in the tradition, but you didn't think white guys were doing it?

Bubba: Well, I heard them doing it at one point, but I didn't realize, you know, that they were sincere, and that they really had the heart. I just never thought about playing this kind of music in front of people with the aesthetic that it's being played with, and also for the audience that it plays for. I mean, I've played plenty of rancheros and cumbias and polkas in front of Mexican folks, or in more traditional settings, but never necessarily thought about playing in a rock club. But the fortunate thing about the whole Mexican-American thing is that it recycles real easy.

So... whereabouts did you grow up, and what were you listening to as a young type?

Carl: I grew up in Texarkana, which is right on the Texas-Arkansas border; straddles it. And I listened to a lot of hymns for a long time, I was in the church...

Was that by choice?

Carl: No, it was, you know, you're in Texarkana

and you grow up in the '50s—you don't question it as much as people do now, but a lot of it wasn't sinking in quite right. But the music was great, the hymns were great, and I can see the influence that the well-structured hymns had on my listening preference. It's funny that hymns kinda led me to polkas. Someday I might talk to some preachers about that...

Was it a little bit like coming back to your roots in some ways when you started listening to polkas?

Carl: Oh... why the polkas?
Yeah, the polkas... because you made the connection initially between polkas and hymns.

Carl: I think that just the tonality of that makes sense to me; the sense of where chords will go and a chord progression, and the sense of how melody works in a whole table way when you don't mess with it at stable law. You let it follow a very believable, predictable flow. That I see a real connection in. But the reason I got into polkas was the result of trying to... um, change myself and how I viewed things—my perception of things. And realizing that to embrace polka music was to take on the most maligned form of music and try to find it in that there was something that was so beautiful about it, because it was so deeply buried and under all this prejudice. And I just came back at me like a flood.

You guys have a really interesting fan discussion list [on the internet] which I've followed for awhile. It's my understanding that Danny and Joe keep a close eye on the comings and goings there and keep the rest of the group informed. How about those of you who aren't Internet-enabled? Any general impressions on this whole fan list thing?

Jeff: It's very interesting what they're doing. I kinda enjoy reading it occasionally, it's like... you know, my little non-cybernetic way of lurking, I guess. Somebody gives it to me and I read it, so I can't say anything back. But usually I don't want to, anyway [laughs], you know? But I'm going to get a computer some time and then maybe I'll talk to somebody.

What do you think about the community that's out there? Do you think they're pretty much like the ones you've met on the road?...

Carl: In a way, this is just another way for fans to get close to us, and we appreciate that a lot, you know. It's a cliché, but without the fan support, we wouldn't be existing, at least the way we are. We wouldn't be a band that's able to get out and play, you know. Uh... but we've dealt with odd, uh [smiles], fans, and odd collections of fans, and I mean that in an affectionate way. 'Cause there have been pretty amazing, surprising things over the years that we've dealt with and have seen, and have experienced. This is interesting more to me in the bigger picture, because it seems... I don't know, you don't really want to get me talking too much...

It's been really interesting watching this community evolve on-line. I mean, you've got your people that like to take up a lot of airtime, you have the ones that are really shy, you've got the ones that are real smart-asses...

Jeff: Who? [laughs]

Are we gonna name names?

Joe: You obviously know who we're talking about...

Carl: For us, that can reach a scarier level, you know? When you think about it, we are up in the lights, elevated... The Internet doesn't keep out crazy people...

Joe: That's the other thing... the person that's causing problems: everyone else that's interacting with him or her on the list is probably not going to go to that person's town and be in a situation where they could be confronted or whatever. Whereas we're looking at the itinerary and going: wow, a week and a half from now we're there, and this person could come out and do whatever.

Carl: Some of that you have to accept, because your job, you know, depends on a certain popularity for you to be able to do it. But we have had to deal with our own fair share of crazy people.

Danny: Not because of the Internet, I mean that would happen even without it. It connects people in parts of the country that would not normally connect, but it's just another way to get fan mail, or to get people talking about the band.

Joe: It's giving people a reason to travel to a show, some of these people that would normally not fly across the country just to go see Brave Combo. If they know that, well, I'm not just gonna see Brave Combo, I'm also gonna see these friends of mine who are in that part of the country, and we're all gonna go see Brave Combo, and do whatever else in the process... we've got some of the biggest corporations in the country, really, using their resources to promote Brave Combo.

Danny: We got a printout once of all the people who've been lurking... people who hit the page without actually writing in, and there's a pretty good portion of government workers.

Jeff: That's bad at work!

Carl: [laughs] Uh, yeah, they're watching us, yeah... [snicker laughter]

[Brave Combo's website is located at <http://brave.com/bc>]

CMJ MusicFest 97

by Siobhan Twin Stars, CMJ Music Director

The College Music Journal (CMJ) Music Marathon/MusicFest/Filmfest is an opportunity for a few thousand industry people to get together and try to force their views, record labels, bands etc. on you. If you're dumb [like me] you go to CMJ headquarters Lincoln Center on the first day and wait in line for hours to pick up your pass. You also get a huge bag full of crappy CDs and magazines which all end up in the garbage. But hey, the conference is held in the best place to spend your time and money: New York City. And there are some pretty cool shows in place of the plethora of industry types and the just plain annoying people. CMJ President Ryan and I skipped the first week of school for six days of rock 'n' roll, shopping and schmoozing.

Tuesday, September 2
Armed with 5000 business cards, Ryan and I arrive at JFK airport just before 9pm. I forgot to order the vegetarian meal and consequently received something that was supposed to be chicken. Oppressive, hot, and muggy air greets us outside. I am really worried that I'll be sweating profusely the whole trip.

I am very worried that our sleeping arrangements will not work out. This whole trip depends on the fact that I can free-ride with Jeff from Virgin. Apparently, he will be six of us staying at the Paramount. The only thing I've heard about this hotel is that it has really, really small rooms.

The bus driver drops us off one block from our hotel, right in the middle of Times Square. We walk down the block until we are magically ushered into the "funkiest" and nicest looking hotel

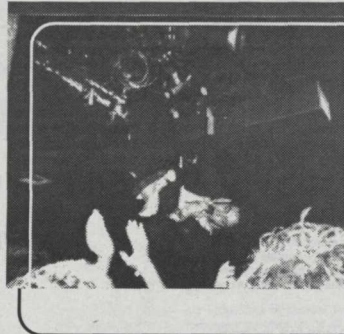
lobby I have seen in a very long time. The staff are dressed in black and the men have this '90s Miami Vice thing going (i.e. blazers with t-shirts). I feel like I'm doing something wrong and am about to get in big trouble.

Jeff finally arrives in the lobby with the good news that there are only to be four of us in the room, which is small and completely

entirely the show is all about breakin' barriers. It consists of four Pentecostal percussion preachers (The Gelcops), soul clapping, jumping and hanging from the ceiling. The keyboardist has very nice James Brown moves. Everyone's favourite, Blonde Redhead, are up next. One drunk audience member yells out, "Psychedelic Fuck

Delta 72

all photos by Siobhan



white. The bell boy forces me to tip, despite the fact my one bag has wheels on it and he accidentally crushed mine with the room door. I wait for him to leave, he waits for me to tip. He ends up winning.

Wednesday, September 3
I get my pass after a couple of hours and eagerly organize the whole trip—hence I become known as the planner. Ryan's nice turns out to be navigation. We go to the best record store in the world (picture Vancouver's Scratch Records for a city of 20 million, where I spend an obscene amount of money. I feel as if my mission here is complete.

The first bill we see features **Unwound**, **Blonde Redhead**, **The Delta 72** and **Modest Mouse** at **Tramps**. It feels like I've seen Modest Mouse a hundred times in the past month. Their set goes like this: they play, then it seems like someone hit the fastforward button, then the rewind button and then it all stops. The Delta 72 come on and heat things up. Appar-

ently the show is all about breakin' barriers. It consists of four Pentecostal percussion preachers (The Gelcops), soul clapping, jumping and hanging from the ceiling. The keyboardist has very nice James Brown moves. Everyone's favourite, Blonde Redhead, are up next. One drunk audience member yells out, "Psychedelic Fuck

Star sightings: **Chloe Sevigny** **Roseland** is a really big, ugly place. Before entering the "biggest live electronic showcase to ever hit New York City," I notice the disclaimer signs, i.e. if you are killed or hurt that's not a one's problem but your own. It's really bright inside and there are some people dancing in that dumb rave/aerobics way. I understand why Ecstasy is necessary. **Death in Vegas** play and suck in every way possible. **Water** is \$3 and **Aphex Twin** is not on until 2am. I go back to the hotel to rest. During **Aphex Twin** two big, fuzzy, orange and green bears come on stage to dance. I'm not sure if they are trying to fuck or kill each other. I overheard someone saying that **Aphex Twin** was really weird—a promising sign. Yes, electronic music can suck just as bad as rock 'n' roll, but **Aphex Twin** impressed me. **Star sightings: Kathleen Raip** from **MuchMusic's** **Fax!**

We walk home and fall asleep to a party next door and wake up to the mild and early morning drizzle.

Thursday, September 4
I decide to walk around NY in my platform sandals—bad idea. I go to some panels and get

bored fast. Most panelists seem pompous and egocentric. I vow to not play the music industry game.

We go to **Brownies** to see the **Danielson Family**. They come on stage wearing white scrubs and nurses uniforms. They blow me away—the girls have coordinated moves for all the songs and one smiles really big all the time. Everyone is sweating and having a lot of fun. We head back to Tramps for the **Drag City** showcase. I love **Drag City**, but this girl wants to rock, not fall asleep. **Neil Hamburger** is the MC. I'm not sure if he's actually here or if it's pretaped. He interviews the audience between sets and people tell him he sucks and to fuck off. I can't remember **Aerial Man** or **Appendix Out** except that they lacked stage presence and sounded indie rock in the worst possible way. **Masaki Bato** (of **Ghost**) does a solo acoustic performance. He has really long hair, baggy pants and no shoes. His performance is immaculate but I keep wishing that something—anything—would happen... it didn't.

Chestnut Station is **Rian Murphy's** project. He really looks like a Rian Murphy: red shaggy hair, stocky build, and a slight beer belly. One word sums up this performance: goofy. He dances around with a tambourine. **Elements of Voice Culture**, aka **Cynthia Dall**, makes the evening more enjoyable. She comes out dressed like a stable boy. All but one song is new. **Edith Frost** follows with an equally short but sweet set. She is quiet without being boring, a definite trait that some **Drag City** bands seem to be trapped in. **Gastr del Sol** (aka **David Grubbs**, no **Jim O'Rourke**) comes on and is so fucking boring I nearly go insane. Just lots of plucking on his acoustic guitar. He has on this skin, coloured turtleneck that looks like clown under the lights. I keep noticing how weird the shirt makes his body look. You can really see his nipples and it makes him look like he has breasts. Up comes **King Kong**, another exercise in goofiness. Next, please.

We leave to catch the **Danielson Family** [see above] and return to catch the tail end of **Royal Trux**. **Jennifer Herrera** looks like a heavy metal amazon cowboy and there is a small Asian guy on lead guitar. I have no idea what is going on. **A Silver Joos** (sic) tribute ends with a very special appearance by the elusive **Dave Berman**. I guess I'm supposed to feel privileged or something. And then [yes there's even more!] **Smog** comes on and makes everyone look like amateurs. The **Drag City** house band translates the rich songs from **Red Apple Falls** well.

Ma y o Thompson (**Red Kravola**) does his thing (my memory is really fuzzy at this point and it is getting very boring) with help from **Will Oldham**. I then think I saw **Mick Turner** but I can't remember. **Star sightings: 0**, but someone took a polaroid of me and asked me to sign it.

Friday, September 5
The Flaming Lips Experiment is the highlight of the conference. **Wayne Coyne** and company gives out 100 boom boxes to each of the participants. They then hand out a series of numbered tapes to test their concept. **Wayne Coyne** dictates from a megaphone and everyone has to turn on their stereo at the exact same time. Then each of the hundred stereos go off in sequence listing the numbers in order. Minutes of silence ensue before the announcement: "The test is now complete," upon which each stereo chimes in until the room fills up with a hundred robotic voices. And that's just the test! The real experiment consists of a story that begins on the drummer's stereo, "We have three dogs that love to chew stuff up."

"Different stories in different parts of the room then complete the sentence. At different times various background noises kick in (i.e. choir, backyard noises) until things get really fucked up and there's just weird noises. Everything ends in a big crescendo of noise. It is very exciting. My tape is labelled **Big CF Bug**. The **Flaming Lips** will be releasing a four-CD set and all the CDs have to be played at the same time—so get your friends together.

An insane cab ride takes us through rush hour traffic. No cabs pay any attention to lanes or pedestrians. At one point it seems like we are going way too fast through traffic so I peek at the speedometer and much to my horror (and delight) we are going 70 miles/hour. It kinda feels like being in a videogame.

We go to an open bar industry party where the **High Llamas** play. Everyone talks about themselves. That dinner with a label rep is ditched after about 20 others decide to come too. I really want **That food**, but not with a college rep from every state in America. Instead I spend the big \$5 on a stir fry (records come before food).

The Cooler hosts the legendary **Silver Apples**. Simeon looks like an old hippy (which I guess he is) and he has this **Neil Young** bandmate looking. His setup is insane and his vocals are still really annoying. The line-up around the Up and Kill **Rock Stars** showcase lasts for-

Elements of Voice Culture



ever. Of course, there is plenty of room inside. I managed to catch **Elliot Smith**. He looks really rough and rock 'n' roll, but a sound problem causes him to hide his head in hands all the while proclaiming, "You're making me fuck up!" He appears quite vulnerable, or is that some indie rock boy schtick? **Star sightings: Pavement boy** (you know, the one with the really round head who looks stoned and dirty all the time).

Saturday, September 6
The Cooler, despite its name, is way too hot. Unless you're standing right up front it is kind of hard to get a good view of what is going on on stage. **Comet Gain** are an English band that trade off female and male vocals to a **Huggy Bear**. Actually, they are kinda like **Huggy Bear** without the whole your attitude and well, they weren't as good. **The Great Unraveling** and the **Rock A Teens** play and are uninteresting. All I can remember is that they are kind of garage. I move up to the front for **Cold Cold Hearts** (where I stumble upon none other than **The Smugler's** Grant Lawrence). They are good but not as fun as they were at **Yoyo A Go Go**. I couldn't get the full effect of **Alison Wolfe's** stage aerobics because there is a European punk rock couple blocking my view. **Miranda July** is the surprise guest of the evening. She adopts the persona of #42 and the audience becomes the band **Audio 85**. Communication from #42 and **Audio 85** is carried out via walkie talkie. **Miranda July** is spooky and in a tense confrontational without treating on **Lydia Lunch** territory. I like **Miranda July** because she doesn't turn herself into a comedian (i.e. **Henry Rollins**) nor is her work an exercise in self-indulgence or self-absorption. Oh, the **Peechees** come on and rock hard.

During one of the CMJ Music Marathon 1, I can't remember what I did the night before (hence I left a lot of stuff out). I got very little sleep and I don't remember eating much either. But it was fun... really!

Cold Cold Hearts



SUE P. FOX

Sue P. Fox. Musician, spoken-word performer, comic-book artist. Modern renaissance woman? Nah. Just a woman who likes what she does: living in Olympia, performing with the band Reflect Reflect, trying to get the offices of Kill Rock Stars into order, sitting around and hanging out. Saturday, July 19 (day five of Yoyo A Go Go 1997). Sue and I sat down and hung out roadside while the Lakelair parade went by, and in between the cheerleader columns and dancing bears and singing woodchucks I managed to get twenty questions out of her. It wasn't hard. She's quite personable, really. Just sit down and talk to her.



Photos: Barb Yamazaki

1 Sue P. Fox.
2 I guess, guitar.

3 I lived here from the time I was eight years old and I moved from eastern Washington, from White Salmon. Hicksville, USA. A very, very small town. Everything was really small. My mom taught at the school. We had this woman who was our taxi driver, [she] was just a local woman who actually just had a station wagon. But then my P.E. teacher was also my first grade teacher, my gymnastics instructor and my swim instructor during the summer.

4 Science. Science. I don't feel good about making money off of art. I don't know if I'll ever reconcile that. Research, or something. Just going out there and doing something really tedious, like collecting fish gills or something, but get paid 20 bucks an hour.

5 No! Just cake. No candy.

6 Oh! What was that word I just said? It's "concurrent." Makes me sound intellectual.

7 You know, I don't tend to think of people in terms of that, so it's really hard. I get inspired by weird things, but... I mean there was one guy that I worked with who was a chef who inspired me more than anyone, because he always stood up for everything that he totally believed in. Also, he was the first person I ever saw who was really, really good with the Mexicans and went out of his way to learn their language, and we were in a place where you didn't have to learn the language. I just thought that was really amazing. So, he inspired me in that way, because it proves that being a really good person, oblivious of what goes on around you, totally stands out. A woman who inspires me would be someone like Nikki McClure.

8 I guess about seven years. Not very long. And I started because [laughs]. I should tell this. My friend who wanted me to play in a band — it was the only way to maintain our

friendship, because we hated each other so much, that we thought the best way to deal with our friendship was to be in a band so we'd have structured events to do together but we'd never have to deal with the other. Isn't that good?

9 Spaghetti and any form of hot sauce and vegetables. Not just the noodles. Like noodles, and all sorts of hot sauce. I crave hot sauce. I'll put jalapenos mixed with garlic and hot sauce on top of each other, with another kind of hot sauce — like Tabasco — on top with red peppers. I'm insane about it.

10 *The Invisible Man*, by Ralph Ellison and *The Passion*, by Jeanette Winterson.

11 There'd have to be a writing utensil, then there'd have to be something to write on. Okay, pen and paper. A walkman with an unlimited supply of batteries, so I could get all the news broadcasts around the world. I would be totally happy, because I could think and do whatever I wanted and solve the world's problems and nobody would ever know that they were solved. My last one would be, um, maybe, um, a McDonald's. [laughs] So every day, at the end of the day, when I'm starving and feeling sad — a free McDonald's. I don't know. I would die if it was Burrito Heaven, or something.

12 Two things: working at the office — that could be a choice, but my most involving is my long term one of wanting to do comic books. That's how I want to start doing my spoken word pieces is turning them into comics.

13 Yeah, I do. It hasn't happened to me, and I honestly don't know anyone that it's happened to, but I believe it could be possible. Why or why not? Everything's possible. Why not?

14 I listen to my walkman too much. It's a true confession. I listen to my walkman and imagine how great my life's gonna be so much that I don't get much done in my life

because I'm so busy imagining how great it's gonna be, so...

15 Do I like Lakelair? The older I get, the more I like it. Actually, you get such a better attitude that it makes even stuff like this tolerable. That was a really horrible feeling, walking through life and hating everything around you. I definitely have done that one enough times.

16 Why do I have to move back to Olympia and open my front door and live only a block and a half from the actual capitol building. That's the most epitomized thing in Olympia. How can I live that close to it? That's what I want to know. Why?

17 Who? Miranda July, who!

18 Where is the Kill Rock Stars office? I guess that's a big question that everyone wants to know.

19 How is it that I'm not witty enough to come up with something?

20 I don't know if this is advice or not, but they outta learn to be a little nicer, because, for example, at the show there was this girl wearing that hat — she was wearing a bear hat, and I like her and she's nice but the thing was that Dead Moon was there, and they're legends! They are above and beyond anyone else in this town, in this state, in the country — I mean, they're legends. And they look a little crazy. If you didn't know who they were, you'd be like, "Oh my God," and they came up and they were going, "Nice hat," and she didn't [figure out] who it was, so she was kind of mean — not mean, but really indifferent, like, "Don't talk to me," and backing off, and I was just like, "If you only knew," because she'd probably talk to him if she knew. It doesn't matter who people are, sometimes you don't always know. I guess that was pointless. [laughs] If they look weird they could be famous, so therefore you should only talk to famous people so it could be profitable to be nice back. So my advice sucks, but that's what it is. You figure it out. •

QUESTIONS

BY CH

- 1) What's your...
- 2) What's your inst...
- 3) Have you lived in Glyn...
- 4) If you could be making...
- 5) Do you like ca...
- 6) What's one of you...
- 7) Which man most inspir...
- 8) How long have you been...
- 9) When you are home al...
- 10) What's your f...
- 11) You are on a desert is...
- 12) What is your most inv...
- 13) Do you believe in love...
- 14) Do you have any guilt...
- 15) D...
- 16) W...
- 17) W...
- 18) Wh...
- 19) Hi...

20) Final parting advice to

QUESTION

CHRIS ENG

Department of choice?

Appia all your life and if
did you move?

money off of whatever
ould you be doing?

ke and candy?

r favourite words?

es you? Which woman?

i making music for? How
start?

ne, what do you cook for
elf?

favourite book?

land and can only take
— what are they?

lving project, currently?

at first sight? Why or
not?

y vices? What are they?

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ffer the kids of today ...

KHAELA MARICICH

Photo: Chris Eng



Khaela Maricich is an amazing woman. She is a powerhouse of cool, a live conduit of fun. She makes art, co-runs an investigation agency and has a B.A. in puppetry. In addition, she plays the ukelele and sings more beautifully than anyone I've heard in years. After I'd seen her play Yoyo A Go Go and she made me swoon with her song about the Most Dangerous Boy in Olympia, I asked her if she would play Twenty Questions with me and she agreed. On that sunny Saturday afternoon, we met in the shady grove next to K Records, chatted and just generally enjoyed life. There was really nothing else to be done.

1 My name is Mikhaela Yvonne Maricich, but usually I go by Khaela Maricich.

2 My instrument of choice? Lyrics are my favourite instrument, as far as music goes.

3 I grew up in Seattle, on Queen Anne, and I really don't like Seattle any more, because it's really fakey-phoney. I moved here to go to Evergreen [College]. So, I've lived here four years. And between that I was an exchange student in Denmark.

4 Ormigod, since I graduated, I think about it a lot. Well, I really like to sell drawings that I make — I mean, that would be nice, 'cause they're nice and I like them and people will like them on their walls, right? And I'm actually starting to make lamps and sell them. I'm going to have a lamp show in October at the Art Walk. So I'd like to make money off making lamps. Nobody makes money off of selling paintings so I don't really care about that. Making lamps, selling drawings, and having commissions or grants to make drawings. Yeah. And to make children's books. I'd like that, and puppet shows.

5 I like that natural kind of cake, with the whole wheat flour. Candy? Nah. Sure.

6 "Epoch."

7 Well, there's obviously not just one. Today I'll dedicate to Nikki [McClure] and Tae [Won Yu]. I think Tae is really inspiring, because he goes to concerts and draws pictures while he's there. Like, just sits around and draws, you know? And his performances are really ... I like his energy. It's really exciting to be a part of, and he makes money off his visual art, and does visual art and musical [art], and the same with Nikki.

Nikki really is inspiring, because she makes money off her art. She does it and she's very polite and very diplomatic and very nice.

8 I've been making music for three years, but before that I thought about it, like, after I graduated from high school. This little boy I was babysitting — he was two — he was a really funny kid, and he had this stick and he said it was his Hot Horn. And I was like, 'I'm going to have a band and I'm going to name it Hot Horn!' And then I asked my friends if they wanted to be in a band with me and name it Hot Horn and they were like, 'Yeah, sure,' but I didn't know how to play anything or do anything, but the idea kinda stuck with me, like, 'Oh, I could probably write songs,' and I've always played with words, so that's [the] core of it, making lyrics. Then my friend had a talent show and I wanted to do something that I'd never done before, so I decided to get a ukelele and write a song with it and I wrote a song and I liked it.

9 I usually cook some potatoes. I boil them. Then I make a little bit of salad, and I make salad dressing with olive oil and balsamic vinegar. It's very predictable. And then I put some walnuts on. Kale and potatoes, basically.

10 *Kenny's Window* by Maurice Sendak. It's kind of not a children's book. It's in the children's book section, but it's kind of dark.

11 I would take my Keeper — my reusable menstrual cup — because then I would be free from the scourge of having to buy tampons and pads, because there wouldn't be any available on the island. God, anything you'd bring would run out, that's the thing. I'd bring a cast-iron pan and a flint. Maybe I'd bring pen and paper: a book, a huge book. Empty. I'd take back the cast-iron pan and I'd say a huge empty book and a pen, if those count as one. Course, it would probably get ruined on the way back, when I had to swim — when I had to float back.

12 I think it's just trying to find a place to live and figure out how to do it and how to afford it. The project of making all my projects work at once, you know? How to make money, that's a really big question, 'cause my parents were supporting me all through college and I'm just out. The project of coordinating everything, so that it all works at once.

13 That's a really hairy question. The reason it's a hairy question is I'm not really sure how I feel about love right now. I have too much confusion, anxiety about it, about different people. But one person, the first time I saw their bedroom, I knew I loved them and that I would love them a long time. So, that was love at first bedroom sight. Maybe it's because I knew — I could see — how this person lived by their bedroom. I could see something about what they made around them. They weren't there when I saw it, and then I kind of knew, 'This person makes a world that I want to live in, too.' A world that matches mine.

14 I'm chewing my nails.

15 I try. Yeah. I feel best that way.

16 Because we like you.

17 I don't know. I don't think there is a one.

18 I live in Olympia.

19 As organically as possible. With as much love in what you're doing as possible. With as little plans for the future about it, and as much investment in the moment of it.

20 I don't know. I imagined myself being a kid when I was in high school, and I guess I'm a kid now too. I don't have any advice for anyone my age. When I think of advice, I think of high school — what I wish I knew. Listen to Jason Traeger. Listen to his songs and see him in person if you can. He gave lots of advice and I dug it.

WHERE IS NOT WHAT YOU WEAR

I have a problem. I am trying to deal with the idea of faith. I do not believe in god. I don't know if I ever really have, although I was raised Anglican—I have spent my time snoozing in the pews, thank you. At times I have pangs of fear, of pure dread, regarding my mortality, but not unreasonably so. And these fleeting thoughts hardly qualify as faith in god; they are usually content specific: "that guy is going to kill me" kind of stuff. I never just fear life itself. In this sense, I am not afraid to die, but this is not to say I am in a hurry to stop living [now that I am far enough out of my teens, that is]. And so, faith has become a question to me, a big question. How can it be that we have faith? And why the leap from faith to just god? Yes, that leap, but not in the predictable direction here. Rather, the leap into faith. Is it a leap away from the world, a sufficient lie, or a world in itself? Faith in meaninglessness, or whatever.

My concern here is to try and justify a foundation for moral conduct, not for faith in god. That could be your business, if you wish. For me, this will be a philosophical task. God in this respect becomes a symbolic or rhetorical notion, an allusion to a consistent outside point from which our actions can be determined. So much mythology. But it is such a heavy word and concept—too simple for many, not complex enough for others. I could just as easily say Nirvana, or void—that always strikes a chord, but it doesn't get me any closer to understanding. Understanding may be the problem with faith, actually. As such, even philosophy may not be of much assistance here; particularly my armchair brand, formed from numerous 3/4 read books and many conversations. The failure to reconcile the reference for faith—my faith—is exactly what is challenging me. The precious briefness of the human act is challenging me. My ethics are challenging me. The "you" and the "them" I imagine are challenging me. I feel faith move around like a memory. No metaphysical dead-ends or abstract theoretical diversions, just a falling into faith, it is always waiting. A rumour of truth. A skipping record—each time to something different, although familiar.

Every newspaper headline informs faith. So does every dim window, every tower of glass, every doorway. All the sidewalks and roads. But to speak about it is to recognize the failure of words to capture something fluid. Language does what it does. Or, otherwise in reverse, in order to make up suspicion, always to be confirmed, by placing it against a mirror: faith-loop. The same non-place, that is, utopia, is to be [not] found. But I can still walk past faith at a bus stop, seen without looking, of course, right in front of my eyes. A faith in every open book that is only equalled by a faith in every closed book. Are we forever falling in and out of faith? Faith in shadows? Can I trust myself? To know is always a moment too late, a passing into something ancillary to faith. The imminent moment is impossible to recognize, yet common in the past tense, while also completely average to every gesture in the time-being. I recognize faith in the contingent and feel it floating in the general. But each definition, from whichever perspective, reduces it to a mere example, generalizable—either theoretical or aesthetic. Do we really live and lead by example? Is faith an accumulation? Or a lever pitch?

Faith comes in tiny movements and big demonstrations. It is concrete and particular, and spectral and without body. It is in your cupboards—right now, ten minutes ago, and ten minutes from now. It is not just a net or network. And it is always more

than a bundle of words. And also less than any affective whimsy. But without the words, or the affective sense of them, would I still have my faith? Would it be the same? Is faith whatever is demanded of the situation? The micro-politics of faith, the faith of everydayness. Right again.

Faith is at every rest-stop along the Trans-Canada highway. It is also in every overcoat; but faith in the overcoat itself is a temptation for unpleasantness, a solitary beating, or so I've read. Fate vs. faith, both in the same corner. Faith unto death, you bet. I am spelling out faith, although it is not faith—this is not faith. Finding change in your dirty pants. A punch in the arm. Last night's leftovers reheated to become this night's main dish. People screaming in the streets, "Fuck you, I'll kill you, I have a gun, you're dead, fuck you!" The retelling of someone else's story. The lust for life. Forgetting everyone's name. A bee-sting. My crazy neighbour. Being suspicious of history books, but somehow proud of history. Playing with dogs. Building a great snow fort. Warm soup. Accidentally ignoring your best friend. Breaking in private. More than sex. A slow day spent dozing. Dreading a teacup. Showing up late or on time for whatever. Falling asleep at a movie theatre. A typewriter. A flower pot. A fresh cut. Being. Etc. I know that I cannot clearly know faith in these examples, because it is [not] there, in as much as I have faith. Faith in mechanical reproduction, even.

My dictionary—the Concise Oxford Dictionary—says this about faith: Faith n. 1. reliance or trust in; belief founded on authority. (pin one's ~ on, put one's ~ in, believe implicitly). 2. (Theol.) belief in religious doctrines, esp. such as affects character and conduct, spiritual apprehension of divine truth apart from proof; system of religious belief (the Christian, Jewish, faith; Defender of the Faith; the ~, the true religion); things (to be) believed; (arch) in ~, by my ~, etc. (in asseveration). 3. promise, engagement, (give, keep, one's faith; break faith with); (observance of) duty to fulfill trust, promise, etc., (good ~, honesty of intention; bad ~, intent to deceive; Punic ~, treachery). 4. ~-cure, ~-curer, ~-healing, ~-healer, (acting by prayer, not drugs etc.). [ME, f. AF fed, f. OF feid (pr. fath) f. L fides].

Faith: trust. Reliance. Belief. Engagement. Observance. Intention. Acting. I have taken these words—that I like for faith, that I liken to faith—from the dictionary entry, but not as a final authority. For what about doubt and change and flux and interaction and so on? Faith is and/also, not either/or; but only because it is, if we want it to be or not, yet not in spite of us, rather, for us. So is my faith different than your faith? What would result if we met and discussed the issue? What if my faith made your faith while your faith made my faith? That is, do our faiths determine one-another at the moment of meeting? Is faith in dialogue? Does faith exist only for the moment, or does it exist around whatever moment? Is it faith in, or faith of, or faith is? Like bumperstickers. Is having faith also recognizing not having faith, or allowing both conditions to blur? Is there more than one kind of faith? Does faith emanate from nothing or from everywhere? It is substantive—expressing existence. Is it a fiction, the

absolute fiction? What is the function of faith? Answer all these questions yourself.

I want to avoid the spiritual side to all this. Faith is more a matter of my good friend's chronically bad back, than it is some airy, misty, floaty, kind of affair. I can't stand a faith that says "that's it" without regarding anything but faith as universal, never outside itself. This is like denial. And even here it doesn't bother to say, "I have faith because I have conditional faith," indeed it can't—this is how it is faith in spite of itself. Contrary to the dictionary, I think faith is all about proof, even if it is of a fleeting, amorphous yet contingent happenstance. Not specific nor relative, but with a foot in both camps, just the same. In between. This is the commonplace, miraculous side of faith. It is real in the sense that I am real, and thus false in the sense that I am false. It is material and ideal. Faith is an endless, nameless kind of thing that is very intimate and particular. It is paradoxical because it is human, all too human. Spiritual explanations are functional, but I don't find them particularly responsible. They are more like a crutch than a ladder. At some friends' recent wedding, the attending priest described ritualized rites of passage—such as weddings—as being like a liminal space, a place where inside and outside distinctions are momentarily suspended, in that they reveal themselves to one another through the piping mediation of meaning. But belief in his god ensured/se-

ured his faith in the three-sided scenario he described, which was, for him, separated by a flapping divine curtain (Father, Son, Holy Ghost). From my perspective, however, all that interests me is the flapping of the curtains—indeed, the curtain itself is a question; not as a scientist, however, as a fool. Would I place faith in meaning-making, in the curtain that flaps to show that it is carefully woven?

I once had a dream that I was in the back of a large truck that was spinning out of control. And all this stuff in the back of the truck was falling on me. It was intense. In the dream, I was me, seeing the world from my perspective, while I could also see myself inside the truck from outside and, then, I could also see the entire truck from above—the third party position. But I never saw the driver. I was very young at the time and was sleeping in the same room as my older sister. So while I was envisioning myself in the back of this truck, in the real world I was sitting up in bed looking out of a window, murmuring some-

thing or another that I now can't remember. This scared the shit out of my sister, who got up in a hurry, and dragged me, and her mattress—yes, at the same time—into our mother's room down the hall. Once woken up I was bewildered, and so was our mom. Twenty years later, it's kind of funny, in a family-only sort of way. From the same window that I looked out of in a dream state, I later, and completely consciously, watched some ambulance attendants take our next door neighbour's body from her house; she had hung herself in the basement. I remember that she had a picture of the devil sitting on a toilet hanging on her kitchen wall, the famous one of Beelzebub. I used to see it, looking in from her back door, which she always left open in the summertime, when I walked to and from home. I have faith in my sister, but I never knew our neighbour. More to come, hang on. *

mr. kitty poul

printed matters

by greg elliot

NELSON ALGREN
The Man with the Golden Arm (Seven Stories)
JOHN KING
The Book of Evidence and Athena (Minerva)
DOUGLAS COOPER
Amnesia (Random House)
KAZUO ISHIGURO
The Unconsolable (Vintage)
JOHN KING
The Football Factory (Vintage)
YUKIO MISHIMA
The Temple of Down (Vintage)

Obsession: a feeling of powerlessness, derived from many possible sources, translated into desire for control that can never be truly attained. Addiction is a prevalent form and has been well-documented in twentieth-century fiction, most notably by the late William S. Burroughs and the comparatively recent Irvine Welsh. Infatuation, the most common type, has been a part of world culture since its beginning and is something with which we are all familiar. Spiritual obsession, from religious

for a dog and other demands or placing her with dreams of his joining a big band like Gene Krupa and renouncing his hood-lum habits. Young Molly, long-suffering despite her short time on earth, creeps into every non-junk-related thought. She alone can save him from morphine, guilt and himself. But the weight of the obsessions of other conspirators against them creating an overwhelming atmosphere of hopeless misery. One is certain none will escape their desires. The characters are alternately despicable and caring, but are always human. Though lovers of Hemingway might find it too verbose and those of Burroughs find it too tame, it well deserves the first National Book Award (in 1949).

John King's *The Football Factory* examines machismo across the Pond. An episodic novel reminiscent of both *The Man with the Golden Arm* and *Transporting*, it wanders into the society of football hooligans during the 1980s and

early 1990s revealing their esprit de corps, sense of tradition, and peculiar racism. Tom — the chief narrator, a Chelsea-loving lower class — is ready for a fight or a fuck whenever possible. Even so, he lives by a code of honour, pummeling fellow combatants and other assholes, okay, but women and families never. In some episodic paragraphs, he displays wisdom in understanding his life and society, admittedly in a skewed fashion. Other characters are similarly well-developed. One chapter in particular deserves note: *Never Never Land* (pp. 70-78) tells how a young working-class boy views English society, of his inability to understand the contradictions and inconsistencies in his parents' teachings as well as the behaviour of fellow children. Neither knowledge of English soccer nor of English right-wing organisations (such as the National Front and the British Movements) are necessary as they merely form the scenery in this well-crafted, captivating,

and disturbing work of frank brutality. (There is the occasional hard-won laugh.) One proviso: a knowledge of English social conditions would hurt.

Infatuation, the desire to possess that which cannot be possessed, affects us all at some time. In the loosely linked *The Book of Evidence* and *Athena*, John Banville explores two modes of this destructive desire. In the first novel, *Portrait of a Woman with Gloves*, involves him to steal it from his old comrade's house, during the execution of which he murders a maid.

Banville doesn't create a simple detective story. A fire is confessing from his prison cell. Instead, Banville's lyrical writing spins his reader along the thin ridge between sanity and folly until one can understand — almost condone — Montgomery's cruel deeds. Athena finds Montgomery again, released and under the name of Morrow. Still, criminality and art surround his life — he is asked to identify and value a number of paintings for a shy stranger —

but prison has cured him of painting-induced obsession. Instead a woman, whom he calls A., charges his life. His occasional sexual escapades with her announce his damnation by her rule. In both books, Banville displays a prose gracefully verging on the poetic, but he is also completely unafraid of stumping his readers with obscure, but precise, words.

Another novel concerned with infatuation also explores the subject of spiritually-induced obsession. **Yukio Mishima's** *The Temple of Down*, the third part of *The Sea of Fertility* tetralogy, is the tale of a civil lawyer, Honda, researching into the principles and problems of reincarnation. During a trip to Thailand shortly before World War II, he allows himself to be convinced by a young Thai princess that she is the reincarnation of a Japanese poet via a Japanese counter-revolutionary. He returns to Japan, soon engulfed in the War, but never forgets the girl. Finally in the 1950s she comes to Japan but refuses to remember

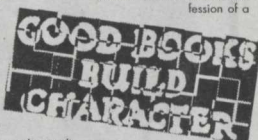
anything of her childhood beliefs. Obsessed both by his spiritual beliefs as well as the beauty of the princess — now in her late teens — Honda seeks either to prove she is the reincarnation of his friend and his mentor, in which case he cannot seduce her, or that she was merely a confused child, so he might. His wife, enduring a legitimate ailment (unlike Algren's Sophie), unaware of and uninterested in her husband's beliefs, merely thinks he desires the young princess. Honda, from his hidden panel, spies all varieties of deception and "immoral behaviour" within the main guest

so important, why he is in this strangely familiar place, and who truly is important to him. The ensuing comedy of errors is Kafkaesque: dreamlike, savagely amusing, and fearfully disturbing. Obsessing his actions as if from afar, he commits gaudieries despite himself, involves himself in the most glaring contempt for protocol and proper behaviour, and exemplifies a horrifying disinterest beyond his current desires. Ryder has no memory of past or

present promises and is thankful for this ignorance. The surreal mixes with the existentialist, dreams clash with studied apathy, but all die when confronted by Ryder's obsession to go beyond everything and everyone. When he becomes aware of his exceptional power over the citizenry, he abuses it merely to test its limits. In the end he manages to offend everyone who might have aided him, as any self-obsessed bastard does. Ishiguro's disarmingly simple conversational style conveys much in few words and permits the reader to feel some sympathy for his arrogant, pretentious protagonist.

Sometimes, however, self-obsession can destroy everything. **Douglas Cooper's** *Amnesia* travels the serpentine paths of the human mind discovering all the horror corruption that lies within. It is the

lesson of a man, Izzy Darlow, of his obsession with himself, and his infatuation with a young woman, Katie. Izzy doesn't spare his audience from discomfort, freely unbending himself of the cruellest depravities, of unconscionable acts that destroy his family, his girlfriends — everyone — for the sake of prestige. Katie, a young psychiatric patient, presents Izzy with a beautiful world into which he intrudes. A new cycle of despair forms. Cooper, however, manages to maintain Izzy's sympathetic character despite his bastardy through powerful description and sensitive portrayals. Verging occasionally on the fantastic, *Amnesia* guides the reader directly into Izzy's fall from every decent emotion into emptiness. •



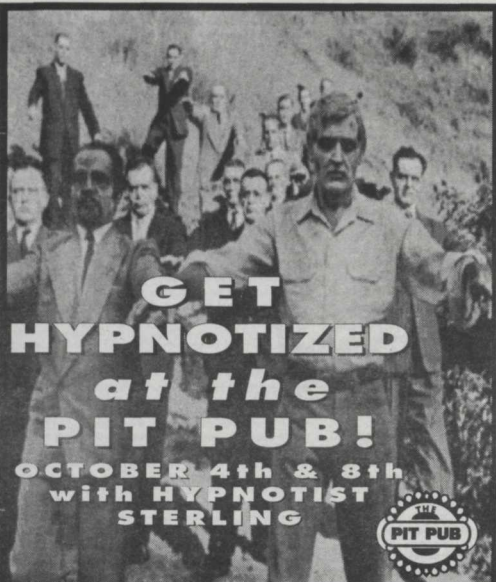
ecstasy to epiphany, is less common in modern society as it does not require the basest of human considerations; self-obsession, however, encompasses both low and high desires. It is an ancient human characteristic, from Narcissus and his watery reflection to modern literary confession, that will never die. Addiction has been part of civilization since its beginning. The extensive and frequently careless use of morphine as a pain-killer generalised opiate abuse in western society. **Nelson Algren's** book *The Man with the Golden Arm* presents the result of this medical mismanagement: Frankie Machine — Chicagoan, veteran, small-time hustler, card dealer, and addict. He despises his addiction — the product of a severe childhood — but needs morphine to dull the pain and the guilt endlessly induced by his psychosomatically paralysed wife, Sophie. He has but two recourses from these ailments: drumming and Molly Novacity. Drumming can, for a short while, squelch Sophie's pleas

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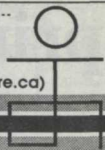
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by dj noah (djnoah@cyberstore.ca)



Do you play *Invasors* and *Donkey Kong* on your Atari? Or do you sit down at your Commodore 64 and play *Bagman*? Even Bill Gates once said, "No one will ever need more than 640k of memory on their computer." Since those simpler days, many changes and advances have been made in the field of computers. Nowadays, most hard discs have 1,000MB (1 gig) of space. Computers are now used to make movies, solve crimes, create 3-D graphics, and even make music.

Another incredible feature of computers is their ability to link anyone on the planet with anyone else. Someone in Vancouver can now communicate with another human being thousands of miles away without long distance phone bills. You don't even need to know who you are talking to—chat rooms allow the user to talk to complete strangers about any topic under the sun. The internet has also made it possible for more people to advertise and express interests and opinions through their own websites. The following are just a few sites that I think are worth checking out. Each one has some relevance to techno music.

www.inforamp.net/~kkna/

This is the home page of KK Records North America, with bands such as **FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY**, **KODE IV NUMB**, and **PSYCHIC WARRIORS OF GAIA**. In the last couple of years, KK has expanded to include several sub-labels which each are home to different types of music: Nova Zembla is for 'drum 'n bass and experimental trance, while Radical Ambient explores the depths of ambient music. From the home page, you can navigate through the various pages for the artists, as well as visit the news, catalogue, touring info, and ordering pages.

www.omw.com

Oxygen Music Works is a New York-based record label that puts out some stellar hip-hop and trip-hop releases, including the recent **KURTIS MANTRONIK** single "Music for the Dusted." This site contains a full label history, list of releases and the opportunity to give them on-line feedback.

www.logicrecords.com

This sub-label of BMG has had a big impact on the "Sonic Empire" single (by **MEMBERS OF MAYDAY**) not only on Logic, but on Save The Vinyl (a pure trance sub-label) as well, having kept this east coast label in the forefront. The big plus for their site is the "Free Goodies" page where you can win CDs, t-shirts, slipmats, and more.



www.ubiquityrecords.com

San Francisco is the home to this independent label that regularly pumps out killer drum 'n bass, heavy trip-hop, and jacked-up jazz. Check out the sound bites here!

www.asphodel.com

Asphodel Records is considered to be the home of the "Illbient" sound. From the streets of New York comes this interesting mix of dark ambient, jungle, and techno. A simple layout with striking icons.

www.obsolete.com/HDB/

This sub-label of BMG has had a big impact on the "Sonic Empire" single (by **MEMBERS OF MAYDAY**) not only on Logic, but on Save The Vinyl (a pure trance sub-label) as well, having kept this east coast label in the forefront. The big plus for their site is the "Free Goodies" page where you can win CDs, t-shirts, slipmats, and more.

www.mapmusic.com

Founded by Robert Shea, this local label has experienced great success with releases from **PILGRIMS OF THE MIND**, **DREAMLOGIC**, **MC2**, and **ERRA**, as well as its debut compilation *Welcome To Lotus Land*. Very well designed site with interesting features. Be sure to sign the guest book.

www.force-inc.com

Another record label site, this one stands out from all the others. They have a theory page where you can leave mail on your theories about music, or anything else for that matter. Don't enter this page unless you are either well-informed or insanely insightful. Oh yeah, better brush up on your German, too!

These are just a few interesting sites you may want to visit. There are obviously thousands of sites within the Techno scene but you'll just have to find most of them on your

own. If you do come across a site that you think people should be made aware of, just send me an e-mail and I'll get the word out.

7¹/₂ inch

by barbara andersen

It is been a busy couple of weeks. Between moving out of my family's house and starting university (which entails, I have learned, a lot of standing in line and dealing with unpleasant members of the banking community), it's a wonder I found any time at all to listen to records, much less write about them. Well, I did manage — let us earnestly hope neither my health nor my grades suffer as a result.

You say you want to hear laryngitic punk boys screaming over heavy distortion? That can be arranged. **BUNNY FOOT CHARM** is the first of several hoarse bands scheduled in for today. "Friendly Sex Monster" grinds on and on in an authentically hardcore manner: the drums on "Pain Tease" nearly made me pass out. A decent attempt. (Punk In My Veins, PO Box 2283 Olympia, WA, 98507)



Cedar of Lebanon

"Do we want this flower to bloom? Try the intention: removing this poisonous bloom." **CEDAR OF LEBANON** caught my ear and heart with the aforementioned couplet from "Chicago Riots" so much so that I decided to review both of CILR's C.O.L. singles. Stuffed with as many zine inserts as mellow H/C sentiments, these two records display that rare combination of power and eloquence that distinguishes the more adept practitioners of heavy music. I use words like "mellow" and "eloquent" to describe Cedar of Lebanon's sound because the band has managed to employ all the traditional devices of hardcore — speed, volume, intensity and emotion — without seeming like a battering ram of unfocused aggression. The aggression is there, all right — witness the wordless ten-second spasm of "Seth Bastard" — but it is largely an intelligent and productive aggression. The four-song *Sore Loser EP* is on Grimm Lake; the *Kingdom 7"*, which includes the great

line "let's destroy this boring life" is released jointly by Act Your Age and Dosei Jidai. (Grimm Lake, PO Box 1888, Clute, TX, 77531-1888/ Act Your Age, 3244 Locke Ln, Houston, TX, 77019/ Dosei Jidai, 5719 Viking, Houston, TX, 77092)

On the far-left of the punk spectrum live militant Nanaimo screamers **THIRD WORLD PLANET**. They, backed by the similarly atonal **REPUBLIC OF FREEDOM FIGHTERS**, have recorded an unbelievably DIY flexidisc side entitled *Old White Men*. Third World Planet's vocalist is so shrill that it is impossible to understand any of the anarcho-luddite lyrics without consulting the insert. Nevertheless, I enjoyed their six songs and appreciated the anti-industry, anti-city sentiments behind "Blood & Cement" and "Cleatcut Mangle." Unfortunately, the Republic Of Freedom Fighters didn't impress me as much. They seem to have rejected limiting notions of "the song" to the point that their entire side of the flexi is nought but an endless, formless spiel. (Break Even, 2185 Anity Drive, Sidney, BC, V8L 1B2/ Diminutive, 2290 Bradford Avenue, Sidney, BC, V8L 2E1)

The exultant crash of symbols introduces *Love's evidence* as left by the Kiss Offs, five songs of strutting no-fibre treble, and that energy reverberates until the end of the record. I have to say that the **KISS OFFS** reminds me of a less attitudinal (and less im-maculately coiffed) **Make Up**, but their sound stands up even without the comparison. "Gavin Scott Can Do No Wrong," with its girly screams and hyperactive drums, is my favourite swinging track. (Peek-A-Boo Industries)

Rife with the stylistic twists and turns of morse code rock, **JETTISON CHARLIE**'s "Legions of the Unjazzed" manoeuvres with true adroitness between slow and fast, hard and gentle. "I Love You, You Bastard" rangles and bounces,

sputters and thrills. The whole is an angular, edgy experience not to be missed. Do I sound like a PR copy writer yet? (Peas Kor, PO Box 81116, Pittsburgh, PA, 15217-0616)

Dumb indie nerds **THE ADDING MACHINE** have toasted up a couple of lovely, upbeat pop crumbs for public consumption. A mucus-laden throat betrays frontnerd Jason Roof's excessive milk-drinking habit. Clogged with goo, Jason sings "The Dumbest Thing I Ever Said" and "The Water Song" over better-than-average indie pop. (First Alert Doppler, PO Box 12133, Seattle, WA, 98102)

Despite the testimonials above, shredded voiceboxes are not a prerequisite for punk. A strong and simple voice carrying impressive lyrics can hold more power than a whole roomful of phlegmatic wails. Example: the awe-inspiring utterances of Mo, singer for **VICTORY AT SEA**. Plainfaced, nightmarishly quick guitar and drums underlie "Snow," making a perfect tableau for Mo's song. "Distorted" tosses back and forth like a seasick sailor before ending abruptly. (Villa Villakula, PO Box 1929, Boston, MA, 02205)

Two unconventional rock bands, **MRS. TORRANCE** and **THE RHEOSTATICS**, have joined together on Godspeed Records' *Double Feature 7"*, each doing a different version of the same song. Both versions are equally beautiful and gratifying. Tamara Williamson of Mrs. Torrance hits some high notes seldom heard outside the realm of gothic-ethereal. Slick and professional without sounding manufactured.

[Godspeed, Suite 380-916 W. Broadway, Vancouver, BC, V5Z 1K7]

Sweeping themes and instrumentation are standard artillery for **ITCH**. The *My Jerusalem* single is no exception, combining myth, religion and reality to the tune of Mark Critchley's manic, orchestral keyboard manipulations. The whole is perplexing, but it made me smile. [Wronq, PO Box 3243, Vancouver, BC, V6B 3Y4]



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CD REVIEW

AUDIOWEB Audiobweb (Mother)

A first time listener to this **Audiobweb** CD will be played by a deep philosophical question: are they black, or are they white? This leads to an even deeper, more philosophical question: is the lead singer black, or is he white? Their music has elements of both cultures. Confusion starts to set in when one culture dominates and leads you to believe you have the answer. At this point the music will inevitably change courses and make you rethink your original assessment.

The band is scored like a traditional rock quartet: guitar, drums, vocals and bass. However, the music is not traditional rock and roll. This band is heavy on electronic effects and Jamaican-style rap interludes, giving it a heavy dance quality without becoming electronic.

Track eight, "Knobkicker," is the most interesting of the ten tracks offered. It revolves around a charming melody. "My daddy was a knobkicker..." which both lyrically and melodically sounds like a traditional Jamaican folk melody. Faithful to the element of cultural surprise, this track was written by **Joe Stummer, Mick Jones and Half Pint**.

Daniel Ariaratham

BLINK 182

Dude Ranch (Cargo/Universal)
I managed to see this band for a few minutes when they played the Warped Tour this summer. The kids were hopping and the band was on fire. **Dude Ranch** consists of 15 fast, melodic punk songs averaging about two minutes in length each. Most of the lyrics deal with following girls home, being a pathetic loser and getting the crack kicked out of you. There is a fair bit of humor throughout this album, in the art work, pictures, and liner notes. This trio also rides the plank with four wheels.

If I wasn't such an old fart, I would probably enjoy **Blink 182** a lot more. However, I've already been through it [hope] the growing-up-and-being-picked-on stage... but, almost every song on this CD is catchy.

Langhau

BOTCH The Unifying Themes of Sex, Death, and Religion (Excursion)

This CD contains both of the **Botch 7's** 1993's *Antagonist* and 1996's *The John Birch Conspiracy Theory*, plus a song from the *17c* live without it compila-

tion. With the demise of **Strain**, Botch take the crown as Northwest hardcore kings.

Although their music is noisy, it is a controlled noise, doing damage like a rusty scold. Their songs are innovative and interesting, with furious groove-riffing escalating into explosive climaxes of vocal agony and instrumental meltdown. Powerful bursts and falls, unexpectedly and savagely attacking your stereo.

Musical aside, what I love the most about Botch is their stance against religious right-wing politics and that they continue to invade the hardcore scene almost unchallenged. This is a landmark in the evolution of hardcore.

Suki

BOURNE/SCHULD/STAMER No Special Rider (Blue Street/Festival)

Considering *No Special Rider* was recorded in just one evening, the planets must have been well-aligned. A collaboration between **Bill Bourne, Andreas Schuld** and **Hans Stamer**, this disc displays a fine sense of acoustic blues history and reverence.

With the help of vintage microphones BSS respond with a set that is mainly traditional country blues. Splitting vocal chords, Stamer and Bourne both have well-worned whiskey-stained pipes for the material. In particular, the reworking of Skip James' "Special Rider Blues" benefits from Bourne's grainy voice.

Stamer's take on **Leadbelly's** "Bollweevil" reinforces the enduring quality of one of the blues' legends. It still sounds fresh today.

The playing is tight and expressive throughout the 15 tracks. Other than a rather calculated version of "The Midnight Special," *No Special Rider* blends the traditional blues genre with a modern touch. All acoustic, BSS's debut relies on the three guitarists taking turns stepping to the forefront. Schuld and Stamer also add tasteful dobro while the trio provides knee-slaps and foot-tambourine instead of incorporating a standard rhythm section. The danger of being minus bass and drums never comes to mind. Going back to the roots of American music on the pseudo live room setting, *No Special Rider* is a great audio-pictorial of what the blues can convey.

Peter Hofmann

CARLE LIKE Bruiser Queen (Vapor/Warner)

The good news is this album doesn't break the 34-minute mark. The bad news is that when I went to play my favourite UT

song afterwards as for a superior example of an awkwardly charming female approach to rock, I discovered said record to be unbearably warped.

I hate to compare girl bands, or any variation on the white male norm, to each other on principle, but sometimes I'm forced to call them like I see them. Example: I'm left with little choice but to describe **Cake Like** as resembling the **Breeders'** *Pod* album with the vocals set on cringe (yes, as bad — perhaps worse — than *That Dog's* debut... there I go again) and lyrics best left unmentioned, not printed for all to see.

I have no idea whose little pet project label this is, although I'm certain with more executive decisions like this one, a job will be opening on the horizon.

Sean Elliott

THE CIRCUS IN FLAMES The Circus in Flames (Independent: Box 74532, 2803 W 4th Ave, Vancouver, BC, V6K 4P4)

A strong argument for local indie release of the year may be **The Circus in Flames'** debut. The sextet could be best described as **Hank Williams, Sr.** meets **Tom Waits** meets **Jimmy Rodgers** at an impromptu jam during the recording of *The Basement Tapes*.

Led by Doug Andrew, whose tales revolve around common folk: milk workers, flyer delivery boys and beer-drinkers, *The Circus in Flames* come across as a liquored-up group of players that cross paths at a party and decide to set the wheels on fire.

Any expectation of stellar playing would draw the wrong conclusion. The album is based on the simple joy of playing music for the sake of the music, promotion departments be damned. Consisting of acoustic guitar, mandolin, accordion, banjo, bass and drums, the band is a refreshing change from mega-budget recordings and proves that character can be a far better investment than mere dollars and cents.

Peter Hofmann

CRAWLING WITH TARTS I Am Telephoning a Star (Asp)

Admittedly, my previous exposure to **Crawling with Tarts** has been limited. I've heard a few things here and there, know they have many releases in a variety of styles (their "opera" works), and found their story of "running away" to live and make music together when they realized they were in love to be quite touching.

Still, I'm waiting for something to intrigue me. Despite the albums I've been reviewing here, I have had plenty of exposure to outside/non-rock related recordings, and, yes, elitist hipsters, the shit can be just as bad or mediocre as any other, even if it doesn't necessarily fit into an easy genre categorization.

Is this particularly terrible or annoying? No. In fact I could probably listen to it daily while in the midst of things and not complain, which, if you know me, is no small feat (quit laughing). Is it a failure if it doesn't interest me? Yup, especially if I'm writing the review. I just don't have enough time in the day any more, if I ever did. This CD, with its creating and manipulating of music, voice, and sound is nice, looks better, has a decent title (a rarity) and leaves me completely unmoved.

Sean Elliott

THE DELAGADOS Domestiques (Chemical Underground)

As if being on the same label as the inconceivably hyped **Bis** doesn't set the warning lights off already, it's surely bold coming from the land of **Del Amriti** and calling your band *Del-anthony*. Mining a less watered-down/sugared-up version of **Huggy Bear** than the aforementioned batch of cutesy pools is one way to view **The Delagados**. This mostly dead on the occasional mal-mouthed slangering; however, their alternately energetic, upbeat fuzz and genre strum *boy/girl* pop appears to be more hook-oriented than revolutionary.

Never fear: those of you who need your hand held, the titles would suggest there are messages to be found, only not so overtly stated. I'm equally reverent of a less ragged, adventurous and interesting **Beatnik Filmstars**, whose single, mini-album and two full-lengths released this year alone I would endorse over this disc. A safer **Butterglory** also springs to mind. Sure, this is okay — with repeated listenings uncovering further charm — but a true sign of worthiness would be to transcend the genre from which it sprang, and this is not the case.

Sean Elliott

THE LADYBUG TRANSISTOR Beverly Atonade (Merge)

There tends to be two trends in music today: baroque & minimalist. This Brooklyn group gracefully skirts into the second category. Taking the **Luna** approach to the **Velvet Underground** chord (if it is code!) book yet following a technological route rather than the Wareham quartet's amiable simplicity, **The Ladybug Transistor** creates sparse sound structures embossed with calm melodic nuances. Every note is purposeful and purposeful but not pretentious. Altogether aware of their art while seeming indifferent to all else, these New Yorkers present then withdraw with lasting effect, impressing the lis-

tenor with seeds of appreciation and fulfillment. They exude potential and confidence. But this record is not a fair-weather lover being ably equipped with bric-a-brac and wellies guaranteeing its maintenance in your collection.

Admittedly, **Beverly Atonade** doesn't evince their Warholian predecessors' gift for the absurd, but it's well worth investigation.

Brandon Pierce

LUNA Pup Tent (Elektra)

New York's **Luna** is arguably one of underground pop-rock's best kept secrets. Whether this is due to Dean Wareham's eclectic history with **Gelaxie 500** or simply because **Luna** is too simple and too lyrically obscure for mainstream music is irrelevant, especially considering **Luna's** die-hard cult following. **Luna** is easily one of the most listenable acts around, carefully crafting songs which seem simple but are actually very complex, pleasant, and non-abrasive to the ear.

While **Pup Tent** differs from previous **Luna** albums by using heavily effects-laden guitars (especially on the opening track, "IHOPI"), it still contains Wareham's whispery vocals and obscures lyrical poetry. Jazz progression and flowing bass lines also appear out of the blue, but this reinvention of **Luna's** sound is a change for the better, perhaps just the right combination to lead **Luna** out of the underground and into the masses. At any rate, **Pup Tent** is by far my favourite **Luna** album.

Patrick Gross

MATRIMONY Kitty Finger (Kill Rock Stars)

For those among you who are interested in where everything came from, please take note of this: **Matrimony CD** was one of the major musical influences on **Bikini Kill** when they were starting out. You can tell, too. Not in a bad way, just in a way that says that they comfortably shared musical styles and ideas. A little raw and primitive (although they seemed to be proud of that), this eight year-old album, recently rereleased at Kathleen Hanna's request, still fits in with the best of all indie rock releases.

A little bit of early **Bikini Kill**, a little bit of **Lung Leg**, a lot of their own pioneering style. Whether you are an archivist or someone who just enjoys strong women-fronted punk rock, this CD should make you happy. I know it does me.

Mr. Chris

ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMME Have a Ball (Fat Wreck Chords)

Lately, my bowling game has sucked and, needing some pointers, I was excited by this **CD by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes**. "Me First and the Gimme Gimmes" have a ball while giving you tips on how to improve your bowling. So I

popped the CD into the player and drooled all over the bowling action pictures on the sleeve. To my surprise, there are no bowling tips, just a bunch of music.

Loud, fast, with some guy yelling "Teeth!" thrown in for good measure. The music is a cover, butchered to bits and I love every track. The **Gimme's** slaughter

Paul Simon's "Me & Julio Down by the Schoolyard," **Billy Joel's** "Uptown Girl," and **Terry Jack's** "Seasons in the Sun." To name a few. There are nine other tracks which will make you bug-out in your underwear. The only name I recognize in the band lineup is **Fat Mike** from **NOFX** and there are a few guys from **The Gutter Punks** bowling team.

Don't be fooled by the bastards — it's all music and my bowling game still sucks, but this CD has improved my singing when I'm by myself.

Kenny

STEVE MILLON Thanks a Million (Palmetto)

Jazz pianist **Steve Millon's** follow-up to his 1993 debut *Millon* to One will probably create the same excitement in jazz circles as his first release, which is a shame considering the silence which followed from the jazz press. While certainly not groundbreaking, **Thanks a Million** deserves more than a passing glance. Tasteful playing, strong compositions and a solid duo back **Millon's** tunes. Bassist **Michael Moore** and drummer **Ron Vincent** (**Gerry Mulligan's** **Helen Merrill**) provide a sturdy rhythm section for **Millon's** touch. **Michael Brecker** (flugelhorn/trumpet) and saxophonist **Chris Potter** (**Red Rodney/Mingus Big Band**) joins the trio on a handful of tracks and help flesh things out.

Influenced by Afro-Latin jazz, **Millon** pursues those rhythms in unique meter. On "7AM" the pianist constructs a seven-four time, making the arrangement quite fresh. Following in that tradition, "My Explanation" swings to a nine-to-the-bar and allows **Millon** to stretch out.

Penning all of the compositions there on, oddly enough, the life track **Millon** continues to shine with only a pair of albums to his credit. No sophomore jinx here.

Peter Hofmann

MORNING AGAIN Mary (Goodlife)

Sweeping flows of metallic riffing, drowning the weak with no mercy! Florida's **Morning Again** spew forth a rage of bitter vocal nastiness and earthshaking power. In the world of midtempo, metal-fused hardcore, **Morning Again** sits on the forefront of American rants. Melodic guitar and spoken lyrics situated beside snarling vocal aggression and powerful guitar create true heaviness.

Their actual attack is controlled, focused, heavy and intricate,

Martyn consists of cycles of escalating tension followed by a calculated, furious release. Later-gilded destruction!

Suki

JOE MORRIS ENSEMBLE Elsewhere (Homestead/Dutch East-India Trading)

Boston guitarist Joe Morris is accompanied by members of saxophonist David S. Ware's group on this disc. The music throughout is wholly abstruse, harkening back to the early days of free jazz in the '60s, days when players like Cecil Taylor left behind the old notions of jazz as something which would have to swing. This kind of borderless playing has since been replaced by a more eclectic approach, a willingness to synthesize the lessons of free form music with those of older jazz idioms. And ultimately, this has led to something more fulfilling. An all-encompassing artform that has grown up and even grown a little more accessible, despite the exaggerated split between uptown and downtown styles that muckrakers have been talking about for the past 15 years or so.

Few musicians now — the ferocious Charles Gayle being an obvious exception — are playing "out there" all the time. After all, these regions have pretty much been mapped out by now. This doesn't seem to be stopping Morris. Although his guitar sound owes more to bebop than to the Ario Lindsay school of skronk, his actual compositions freely move about with little grounding, not begging too much of the listener's attention along the way.

In short, this is the problem with the album. Despite the title, the players are not really taking the music anywhere it has not gone for three decades. There are moments, especially towards the end of the album, where things get more dramatic, and pianist Matthew Shipp even gets to throw in some of his Bud

Powell influence. But it just does not generate the same kind of fire as other works by these players, especially the material with Ware.

To put it bluntly, Elsewhere is really nowhere we haven't been before.

Michael Chouinard

REZZ united (Spider)

Listening to Rezz is an experience of bone-shattering ambient techno. The computer-generated sounds by Peter Dinklage produce a morbid element. In my mind, it conjures up visions of a futuristic world similar to George Orwell's 1984. Like other techno, Rezz varies from the extremely aggressive to the deceptively mellow, producing a wide band for emotional release.

Ambient techno is a heartless form of music, which is easily molded into what one wants it to be. Rezz is built around a fairly simple beat, lacking a rich texture. In this way the album misses a greater depth that could otherwise be reached. Most songs stand on a single beat altered by screaming echoes. Overall, Rezz is in some regards plain weird.

Markus Schmid

RULE 62 Rule 62 (Dewey)

The album was just freshly cleaned of birthwater on July 29, following Rule 62's tour of the west coast and Canada where they opened for bands such as Everclear, Filler and No Doubt. And in case there are people out there who don't know Rule 62 yet, they were formed from The Cadillac Tramps, an indie rock group from Orange County. This partly explains the unique punk-influenced rock crossed with pop sounds that emerge from this CD.

There are some really catchy tracks to be heard thanks to Brian Cookley's fantastic, strong voice and some very grounded guitar riffs. These include the second

track, "Drawn," and the 11th track, "Bored," which is as acoustic as this band gets. Rule 62 is definitely not short of energy and explosive music, and thankfully is not of clichéd lyrics. Instead it delivers lines worth mulling over: "Garbage winds from your mind like a tainted vine," "She sells herself destruction, always up inside her head..."

Turn up your car stereo volume a couple of notches and play this as you head out of town for the weekend.

Chrisy Baker

SHIZUO Shizu vs. Shizor (DHR/Grand Royal)

Idealistic sociopolitical agendas and music don't usually equal entertainment. At this early hour I'm at a loss of positive examples beyond *Cross*, *Red Krayola*, *Public Enemy*, *Gang of Four*, *Phil Ochs*, *Teem Drasch* and *Stereolab*. Don't even get me started on the negative Digital Hardcore schtick with its high-energy appropriation of genres (electronic/jungle, rap, hardcore/punk, lo-fi, metal, noise, etc...) and bold, wide-eyed anarchist stance. It is also becoming — especially in the case of label founder Alec Empire's *Atari Teenage Riot* — quite popular. Grumpy old men and kids agree. These Germans are on to something.

Now Grand Royal has made widely available the debut album of the one man Shizu, whose "Sweet," which reappears here, was the pick of the DHR singles released by the Mike D-run label last year. As opposed to Atari Teenage Riot and EC80R (the young male/female duo, who're more raw and chaotic than ATR and better for it), Shizu is not often vocally/lyrically politically in your face. Generally the beats mixed with sounds, both unusual and pop culture kitsch, are the focus, making this perhaps the most accessible and fun group of the stable. Evidence being the *Flying Lizards*-esque take on

The Cramps on "New Kick." Even though this may well be the DHR album most likely to be played at a party where fighting isn't involved, its position is implied rather than shrieked. Also, this album appears to be the same as its German counterparts — none of the studio tracks from the *High On Emotion* MLP show up again here.

Needless to say, this is some good stuff and in a world where overrated, big budget, supposedly shocking groups such as *Nine Inch Nails*, *Marilyn Manson*, recent *Ministry*, *Korn*, etc. are popular, Shizu and his compatriots are a more than worthwhile, pardon the term, alternative. Let's hope they don't burn out, or as we doubtless happen to endless lesser copyists, get swallowed up too soon.

Sean Elliott

SOULS Bird Fish or Inbetween (Trauma/Intercope)

The most intriguing component of the Swedish band Souls' major label debut CD are the lyrics of lead singer Cecilia Nordlund. Nordlund writes autobiographically; her stories reveal a tragically pathetic character. Good characters, particularly female, are few and far between. Somehow, Nordlund seems to evoke more sympathy and fascination than both Madonna and Courtney Love.

Her words create an aura of mystery: in "Cello," she peeks our curiosity when she sings, "I've done some grim things/I've done some really bad things." On the next track "Expensive," she elaborates on her childhood:

we must hurry up/ and make love before/ our mother shows up/ she'll get null with us

BUT I'M FEELING SO EXPENSIVE/ YOU MAKE ME GLOW/ YES I'M FEELING SO EXTENSIVE/ DO YOU KNOW THAT I WILL COST YOU

Not only is she whoring herself, but she is doing it to her

sibling — prostitution and incest with the same act. Nordlund is one "fucked up" woman with one "fucked up" past. However, there is something about her darkness that attracted both Gavin Rossdale (frontman for Bush) and producer Steve Albini to this project. Albini produced the opening two tracks and Rossdale discovered the band while attending their live show in Sweden.

There is a dark, poetic elegance to her words. Her dark sense of humour is simultaneously comical and disturbing. Alone, the individual lines are charming and comical. When they are strung together their meanings and implications are disturbing.

I'd like to sing her 'darling' and let them sleep/ let's get lost let's defrost/ come play with me!

The next time you find yourself sitting on your IKEA sofa, or driving your mommy's Volvo station wagon, and you feel like listening to some Swedish teenage, skip on the ABBA and tune for the Souls. Apparently, not all Swedes are blondes. Some have black hair.

Daniel Ariantnam

SPIRITUALIZED Ladies and Gentlemen We Are Floating in Space (Dedicated/BMG)

Having been a fairly antipathetic *Spaceman 3* fan, I purchased *Spiritualized's* debut single upon its release, enjoyed their *Troggs* cover and then lost interest until their visit to Vancouver a couple years back. I found them to be a surprisingly formidable rock unit, despite a lack of volume for them and intoxicants for me. Still, not amazing, but solid. I've since found their first album thin and weak, unlike almost every one of their fans I've encountered.

Now, much to my surprise, Jason Pierce and co. have come up with the genuine article. They've allegedly stripped their standard accompaniments away with this release but there is no

mistaking this is a Spiritualized record — every song is about drugs, love and loss, the big sound, strings, horns, keys, gospel chorus, repetition, the setting of mood, Pierce's soothing voice, etc. What pushes this album beyond their previous ones and into the unforeseen by territory of deserving critical listening is not just the expanded musical palette, nor the welcomed infusion of rock, but the all-round higher level of songcraft.

Regardless of the style or feel of the track, each not only furthers the album as a whole but stands alone instead of leaving me to pick out the few I'd choose to listen. I was stunned to hear how well this album stands up against The Spacemen's apex, *The Perfect Prescription* even. Perhaps most remarkable is that, despite the expectation that Pierce would merely be a drooling mess or dead at this point, his vision appears stronger than ever. I guess for that we can thank his expert handlers.

Sean Elliott

TYPE O NEGATIVE October Rust (Atrix)

At first this album makes you wonder why you would listen to the whole thing, but it sort of evolves into something that is relatively listenable. Songs like "Be My Druidess" and "My Girlfriend's Girlfriend" are unique songs in an album which feels like one continuous song. Almost all of the lyrics are about "her" and "she" — the one that is not about the dead.

October Rust contains a shabby rendition of Neil Young's "Cinnamon Girl," it just doesn't sound quite right with Peter doing the vocals. The music is all very dreamlike or mid-age sounding, very Gothic. This album has a certain similarity to *Bloody Kisses*, so if you have a taste for 1993's *Type O Negative*, you may want to buy this release.

Big Cheese





real live action

The Folk Implosion @ the Starfish Room



photo by Richard

THE FOLK IMPLSION SATURNHED

Monday, August 4

Starfish Room

This concert was so amazing that, come last month's publication date, I had completely forgotten that I'd seen it. It wasn't until I stumbled upon a **Saturnhed** CD, and my brain was trying to figure why I knew they were so very bad, that I remembered I'd seen good old Lou and John in action.

The show was an utter disappointment. Saturnhed were a poor opening band to a poor headlining act. **The Folk Implosion** couldn't even play their hits right. Lou seemed permanently distracted by the fact that it was his wife's birthday and couldn't seem to focus on the task at hand, that of making music for the masses. This is not a band to see live, I think. It was a sad night for me, as I'd been anticipating the excitement for months in advance. Oh well, better luck next indie rock god.

Julie Colares

THE SEAHORSES

MANSUN

Saturday, August 23

Rage

Despite the fact that my friend proclaims **Mansun** the second worst band she's ever heard, they've been very successful in

their native England. Their most recent CD, **Attack of the Grey Lantern**, even topped the British album charts for at least a week. On this evening they posed on the stage like big, dirgy, thrabbing rock stars. I wasn't expecting such a straight-ahead rock band, complete with bare-chested bass player, Stove King and lead singer Paul Draper playing his guitar against the mic stand. I hope they were being sarcastic but there's no way to be sure. The lyrics were incomprehensible and the music mostly borrowed and unoriginal. The best song was their alternative hit, "Wide Open Space," during which I could understand the words and picked out some interesting arrangements. Drummer Andre Rathbone was the most entertaining member of the band, making happy grimaces and singing along without a mic.

A friend of mine who saw **The Seahorses** show in Chicago said the crowd got ugly when singer Chris Helme tried to sing his solo acoustic guitar number. He was well received in Vancouver though, and for almost the first time at the Rage, the sound was good enough to be able to decipher lyrics. The big attraction, of course, was John Squire, legendary guitarist for the **Stone Roses**. The most entertaining part was the molley col-

lection of characters around me who yelled inspiring phrases at John Squire.

"John!" one yelled after every song. One unworship fan bowed in front of him. "Manchester!" yelled a confused fan behind me. "Drugs!" A lot of people have been sceptical about the cost of musicians. Squire gathered around him to form this new band. Helme was "discovered" by Squire while busking outside a Woolworths in York, but he is an asset to the band with his beautiful voice. Bassist Stuart Fletcher was content to stand inconspicuously at the back of the stage and Andy Watts safely banged away on his drums at the back of the stage. Everyone was pleased to see the legend play and he sounded as good as ever.

As a whole, the band is cute and their music pleasing — nothing special but try to listen to. Such was the concert: it was no amazing experience, but it was a bit of a laugh.

Kris Rollstein

ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO

WAYNE HORVITZ

Monday, September 1

Seattle Opera House

(Bumbershoot)

Last year a Seattle jazz publication asked local players whom they would like to see play in Seattle. Keyboardist Wayne

Horvitz had the good taste to pick the venerable **Art Ensemble of Chicago**, arguably the most important jazz group of the past 30 years.

Lo and behold, a year later the free jazz institution not only comes to the Emerald City to play Bumbershoot, but Horvitz has the honor of playing the opening set in the cavernous Opera House. He did not blow his opportunity. **His Four and One Ensemble** is the opposite end of the spectrum from the steaming funk of **Zony Mash**, another current project.

It's more in the chamber jazz vein of pal and colleague **Bill Frisell's** current Quartet. [By the way, the guitar genius himself was seen wandering around looking for a seat.] The band features violin, trombone, lots of keyboards and processed electronics. At various points, samples of the musicians would subsequently provide the structure for the works, and despite how contemplative and controlled the pieces were, they delved into deep blues and free jazz.

Horvitz is an incredibly diverse musician and composer — the unsung hero behind **Naked City** — and he did treat the audience to some extraordinary DX-7 work. He has a way of wrenching out harsh fuzzbox sounds from his synths that no one else can even approach. Although his set was brief, it was flawless, almost dreamy, and it helped cast the spell for what was to come. A big, red curtain closed for the set change and after almost half an hour, the drums began to roll, and the curtain opened. But something seemed wrong. The whole **Art Ensemble of Chicago** was not there.

I knew that saxophonist and percussionist **Joseph Jarman** had left the group recently to pursue solo projects, but group founder and fellow saxophonist **Roscoe Mitchell** was not on the stage as he should have been; it turns out he was having surgery and is supposedly recovering nicely. Bassist **Malachi Favors** Maghostad and tireless drummer **Famoudou Don Moye** were there to provide the polyrhythms, however, in traditional African costumes and face makeup and **Lester Bowie**, wearing a white lab coat as always, had to pull a double shift to provide most of the leads. As well, the group did not bring all the gongs, vials and other percussion instruments that they've used in the past. Maghostad did have his usual taste of rickety noisemakers, sirens and whistles, but Don Moye just brought a set of congas along with his drum set.

With fewer percussive toys, no saxophone parts and an enormous theatre to fill, the show seemed a bit stripped down from what I had expected. I confess my heart was starting to break for the first ten minutes or so. But then, the trio, who took barely any noticeable breaks between

pieces, began hypnotizing me and most of the audience — or at least those who stayed. The band effortlessly bounced between its theatrical urban bushmen percussion sections, its bluesy traditional influences and its free-for-all free jazz leanings. Maghostad, a wonderfully melodic, African-influenced player, held the centre while Don Moye kept things pulsing at a rapid pace. The man's arms just do not stop moving, whether he's playing with sticks, brushes or his palms.

Best of all, though, was Bowie. I've never used so many superlatives when talking about musicians, but for three decades this man has been light years ahead of any other jazz trumpeter. His speed and technique are equalled by his taste and, most importantly, his imagination. Minute he's a torch singer, barely breathing through his instrument, the next he's a carnival barker, voice blasting over the entire mid-way. He can be funny, tragic, deranged, blissful, all in the space of a few bars. Bowie also has this amazing ability to mute his trumpet simply with a blowing technique.

The three men played a set that lasted just over an hour, ending with Roscoe Mitchell's "Odwalla" theme and they were justifiably given an unrestrained, hand-bruising standing ovation by the crowd after both the main set and each of the encores.

This meriting that **Art Ensemble of Chicago** got put on to show this mesmerizing while playing short-handed is a measure of how good they can be. All right, I'll use the word once more — superlative.

Michael Chouinard

THE DESTROYER BAND

THE BEANS

MARK SZABO

UNCLEAN WEINER

Tuesday, September 4

Starfish Room

It was a night of music, film and dance — and dance proved itself to be the prelatious, unbearable older sister of the art family.

Conceptually speaking, the evening began with its highlight: the unseen **Unclean Weiner**. Two guys, one on bass and one on drums, played loudly and spouted gibberish as life-sized Lego men slowly built a wall of giant Lego blocks in front of them. That had pleasing *Vestal Virgin* overtones to it but **The Wall** actually became a projection screen for a short, bloody film. With all the action, who could tell if they were good or not? Their set ended with — what else — the destroying of *The Wall* with their feet. For visual imagery, it gets an A!

Mark Szabo was up next for a solo acoustic set of quiet, mournful tunes. Worth hearing — if you actually could over the ball of indie rock kids meeting and greeting.

The Beans have been much hyped of late and their aural pos-

sitive of samples, random noise, organic drums and two guitars melded into an earpleasing exuberance got me feeling that **Gastr del Sol** is on heavy rotation in their respective homes, among other prog rock faves. The Beans, too, included visual entertainment: two dancers, male and female, cleared the floor and energetically set upon "Interpreting" the music through movement. It was too painfully self-conscious to be believed — I was forced to avert my eyes. I'd buy a Beans record — if it specifically said: "Dancers Not Included."

Most of the dancing during **Destroyer** was the happy bobbing of heads. Seeing **Destroyer** as a full band is always a treat. This time it added a slick, pop feel to the songs that uplifted the vocals. Sweet, '70s sounds [matched] by the band's *Interpreting* Don's butterfly-like tinkled through the air and reinforced my view that **Destroyer** is one of the few Vancouver bands worth leaving your home for.

In fact, all of the bands on this evening's roster were more than worth supporting — no mean feat in a "scene" marked mostly by its mediocrity.

Kyla Sweet

JULIE DOIRON

WOODEN STARS

MS. E

Sunday, September 7

Brickyard

The night started with the enigmatically named **Ms. E**, who reminded me of last year's **Destroyer**. **A Non-Blondes** and a substandard **PJ Harvey**. Her set consisted of bland, boring and eventually irritating songs about womanly pain, breakup pain and pain from anger, made interesting only by the occasional post-natal moan and frenetic guitar work. Anyhow, by the third break-up song, I was thinking of my amassed collection of 21 *Jumpstart* episodes and how I'd rather be watching them. By the song after that, I was suppressing yawns, despite the adrenaline rush I had gotten earlier, eluding the menacing crackle drums who were milling around outside.

After **Ms. E's** soporific set, the **Wooden Stars** come on to play four or so strings of jazz-infused music, which is more of a convenient than accurate term when describing their music: it encompasses way more than jazz and rock. Because I don't know what to compare them to, I'll just say it was good, interesting, and very skilled. They'll be coming back in October with the **Inbreds**, so if you're left unsatisfied by my inferior brand of music journalism can catch them then.

Finally, and most importantly, the engaging and enchanting **Julie Dorian**. I don't want to trivialize her by describing the set as "awesome" but that adjective, in all its triteness, is an apt one. When she strode onto the stage, the night took on a different feel. She started off sparse and solo, with a couple of songs from

her debut self-titled album (then called *Broken Girl*), and was then joined by a backup band (consisting of Woodson, Stars members) for songs from her new CD, *Loneliest in the Morning*. Many have bemoaned Julie's progression into full band-om but their nit-picking is irrelevant. Her sound has remained essentially the same — her voice is as heartwrenchingly beautiful as ever, her lyrics still painfully honest. Unlike the detached distance from which I watched Ms. E, I was totally immersed in her simple and understated songs about motherhood, sadness and love — all of which were leagues more poignant and affecting than Ms. E's pointed angst.

Despite her obvious shyness and diminutive stature, not to mention the distraction of technical troubles and audience people who wouldn't shut up, she was riveting. After polite and nonstop applause, the band returned and the night culminated with "Love to Annoy." I was a tad disappointed because I had wanted to hear "Le Soleil" but complaining would be lame since her performance was, in its entirety, satisfying and unmatched in its beauty.

Zia

MIRIAM MAKEBA
Saturday, September 13
Queen Elizabeth Theatre

The African Queen met a small but enthusiastic audience — so riled up that a group of mostly middle aged patrons that I

thought their pre-performance claps and shouts would soon escalate into chants of "Hey! Hol Let's Go!"

The enthusiasm was well-deserved. **Miriam Makeba** and her entourage played a diverse and passionate set, filled with unique huffing, puffing, beating flute solos, folk songs, ballads and "witchdoctor" songs. Her pride, sorrow and respect show through in every song. Perhaps it would have been an even more overwhelming show if Miriam herself spent more time on stage, but considering her comments on the difficulties of "keeping up with the youngsters" at age 65, we appreciate what we can get. It was an enriching, unique two and a half hours that left me dancing in the stuffy seats.

nomiko

POWDERFINGER
BLISTERENE
JACK TRIPPER
Friday, September 19
Starfish Room

It would have been unheard of in Australia. **Powderfinger** performed to a crowd of several hundred in downtown Vancouver, whereas back home they enjoy the privilege of pulling audiences of at least a thousand. The Starfish Room appearance, marked Powderfinger's final concert in Canada, after three weeks of touring Toronto and Montreal in promotion of their second album *Double Allergic*. And what

a culmination ...

The venue was cosy — packed full of Canadians with good taste in music and Australians basking in the feeling of such close proximity to Powderfinger. And the anticipation of the crowd seemed almost tangible during the performances of the two supporting bands, **Blisterene** and **Jack Tripper** (Blisterene is a three-piece that comes across as overly keen on two-part vocals and repetitive lyrics, while Jack Tripper is a four-piece capable of great musical variety). When Powderfinger finally emerged, everyone was psyched and, courtesy of the Australians in the audience, a healthy looking mosh pit had formed.

With high energy, Powderfinger ripped through a mixture of new songs and songs off of *Double Allergic*, including "Pick You Up," "Oipic," "jc" and my own personal favourite, "d.o.f." Their musicality was impressive and their stage presence memorable, serving as confirmation of the reputation this band has built up for their live shows.

Unfortunately for Canada, if you want to experience the fantasy that is Powderfinger live, you'll have to wait for their next tour of Canada. In the meantime, Powderfinger is returning to Australia for the *Livid* Festival and some much needed sun and surf. I wish them all the best.

Cristy Baker

WILD, DELINQUENT YOUTH IN A RECKLESS, HELL-BENT QUEST FOR...

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5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28
29	30	31	

13 CIVIC PRIDE VINYL

14 Pop Can CD Release w/ Minstrells Cinnamon

15 SPACESHITS SPITFIRES COWARDS

16 SLIM'S 315 CLUB

17 RULE 62 PENETRATOR

18 JAR

19

20

21 BEAUVENTURE Threat From Outer Space

22 CLOCKWORK genius

23 CHANGE OF HEART

24 SHALLOW Nefro & Melt

25 HINDY & CARL ELECTROSAXES PAPERDREAM

26

27

28 Showbiz Giants, Maou & Royal Grand Prix

29 \$1.49 Day

30 SLIM'S 315 CLUB

31 Halloween Bash w/ JPS, HISSY FIT Blammo & prizes

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SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? 8:30-11:00AM
All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Fans open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM
Reggae into all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM alt.
Real cowboys caught in yer boots country.

WIRELESS 3:00-5:00PM alt.
DAVID ESTRELLA PRESENTS 5:00-6:00PM

The best of Spanish music, news and interviews for the Spanish and English speaking communities.

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities.

GETTANALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the 1990's, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Quawwalis, Folk Songs, etc.

THE SHOW 10:00-12:00AM Strictly Hip Hop — Strictly Underground — Strictly Vinyl With your hosts Mr. Checko, Flip Out & J Swing on the 1 & 2's.

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12:00-4:00AM Day in year and stay up late. Nodded radio for nodded people. Gelbert. Love Dave. Eclectic music.

MONDAYS

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brownshers, James and Peter, offer a sonorous blend

of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown-plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge and ambience.

THE STUPID RADIO SHOW 11:00AM-1:00PM Playing a spectrum of music from Garage Band to Big band acoustic to electric.

NEEDLEPOINT 1:00PM-3:00PM Mismatched Rap rock, a quick ride downtown. Don't miss the Snow White Float. I Love the Snow White Float.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 3:00PM-4:00PM Endavour to fracture dead air, verbal failures (only when I speak), a work of music by a twentieth century composer — can you say minimalist! — and whatever else appeals to me. Fog and dyke positive. Mail in your requests, because I am not a human answering machine. Call a quarter then call someone who cares.

EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph! Hardcore / punk from beyond the grave.

BBC WORLD NEWS SERVICE 5:00-5:30 BIRDWATCHERS 5:30-6:00PM Join the Sports department for their eyes on the T-birds.

HANS KLOSS MISERY HOUR 6:00-7:00PM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

RADIO BLUE WAKESAW alt. 6:00-7:00PM Join Library guests Helen G. and Kim on their into quests seek to only the best music.

Oct 27: The life and works of Elizabeth Smart. THE CANUCK STOPS HERE alt. 7:00-9:00PM Listen for all Canadian, mostly independent tunes.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-soon Gavin Wool.

Oct 27: A celebration of pianist genius Art Tatum. Oct. 20: Multi-instrumentalist and educator Ken McIntyre (unissued tracks). Oct. 27: Trumpeter / composer Donald Byrd.

DRUM'N' SPACE 12:00-2:00AM Vancouver's only drive 'n' bass show. Futuristic urban breakfast at 1:00pm.

TUESDAYS
ALBN BREAKFAST 8:00-9:30AM Bringing

you contact with the unknown sonic world of Australia as well as uncovering new hidden local gems. Come find your future favourite bands before they become huge distant stars. Hosted by Daniel Abrahams.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Torrid trash-rock, sleazy surf and pulsating punk provide the perfect scissor

cut to your head every Tuesday morning. There's no second chance when King-Fris is used for evil with drunken fist Bryce. Kill ya!!!

FIVE HOUR LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM "Have a rock 'n' roll McDonald's for lunch today!"

POTTYFLER 2:00PM-3:30PM TWO WORDS: AVANT GARDE FOLK.

LADY DEATHSTRIKES'BENTO 3:30-5:00PM A combination platter of feminist issues, lesbianic rock, radio drama and everything else. Unimagi made for girls and boys!

CITR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM Meet the unheard where the unheard and the courtes of hardly hard are heard, courtesy of radio and demo

artist Dale Sawyer. Heard up! New music, independent bands.

RITMO LATINO 9:00-10:00PM Get on board Vancouver's only tropical fiesta express with your loco hosts Rolando, Romy, and Paulo as they shake it and wiggle it to the latest in Salsa, Merengue, Cumbia and other fiery fiesta favourites. Latin music so hot it'll give you a tani! **10:00-12:00AM** From

Theatrical Monk to Maricela Monk... we'll play it. Genre-bending, cutting-edge jazz and other experimental sounds, plus informative label/art features. Join Mike and Sean.

WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL alt. 10:00-12:00AM Noise, ambient, electronic, hip hop, free jazz, christian better living it's, the occasional amateur radio play, whatever.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00AM-VERY LATE Warning! This show is moody and unpredictable. It encourages insomnia and may prove to be hazardous to your health. Listener discretion is advised. Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, ambient, synth, blues, and unworded rock.

WEDNESDAYS
MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW 8:30AM-10:00AM

Get musical of all shapes and sizes.

THE SATURDAY EDGE

POWER CHORD

Lucky Scratch

hearsay

RADIO FREE AMERICA

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH

live at the hi-hat

rebel jazz

SOMETHING/Ear wax

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
are you serious music?	Breakfast with the Browns	third time's the charm	Mary Tyler Moore Show	the last desk	Venus Flytrap's Love Den	THE SATURDAY EDGE
ROCKERS SHOW	the STUPID RADIO SHOW	Five Hour Lunch	DIGITAL ALARM CHRONOMETER	MUSIC FOR ROBOTS/ Filibuster	Skat's Scenic Drive	POWER CHORD
WIRELESS/ BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	needlepoint	Colonel Sander's Rideout	love sucks	CANADIAN LUNCH	Licorice Allsorts	Little Twin Stars
QUEER FM	Meat-Eating Vegan	Polyfiller	fillerin	justin's time	Little Twin Stars	NARDWUAR/ ROIZ
Hello India	evil vs. good	LADY DEATHSTRIKES BENTO	motor daddy	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NARDWUAR/ ROIZ	Lucky Scratch
David Estrella presents	BBC Worldnews	CITR dinner report	BBC World news	CITR Dinner Report	radio active	hearsay
birdwatchers	health & environment	turn on art/entertainment desk	turn on art/entertainment desk	radio active	hearsay	hearsay
QUEER FM	hans kloss' misery hour/ radio like women	Awara House	ESOTERIK/ SOLID STATE	Out For Kicks	Far East Side Sounds/ African Rhythms	RADIO FREE AMERICA
the canuck stops here/ hip hop habi	UNHEARD MUSIC	and sometimes why	on air with greased hair	on air with greased hair	on air with greased hair	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
GeeTaNali	RITMO LATINO	Folk Oasis	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	HOME BASS	HOME BASS	live at the hi-hat
THE SHOW (hiphop)	THE JAZZ SHOW	NAKED RADIO/ witchdoctor highball	str8 outta jallundar	Slippery Slot / Groove Jumping	Slippery Slot / Groove Jumping	rebel jazz
IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	DRUM T' SPACE	AURAL TENTACLES	PIPEDREAMS/ OPEN SEASON/ RADIO FREE BABYLON	Plutonian Nights	LIAP SINK	SOMETHING/ Ear wax

DIGITAL ALARM CHRONOMETER 10:00AM

12:00PM electronic.
LOVE SUCKS 12:00-2:00PM Music at work.
(Cut up mixed genres - eclectic, electric included but not mandatory).

MOTORDADDY 2:00-5:00PM Never ride a motorcycle without wearing an approved safety helmet! Motorcycle approved rock.

CITY DINNER REPORT 5:00PM-5:30PM Community / campus news and views.

WEDNESDAY REPORT 5:30-6:00PM Health and environmental issues.

ESOTERIK 6:00-7:30PM alt. Ambient/electronic/industrial/ethnic/experimental music for those of us who know about the illbirds.

SOLID STATE alt. 6:00-7:30PM Featuring the latest in techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Spotlights on local artists, ticket giveaways, & live performances. Hosted by M-Path.

AND SOMETIMES WHY 7:30-9:00PM Future bible heroes, idia, miranda july... these are a few of our fave-writ things. Is it a folk oasis 9:00-10:00PM Acoustic/rock/folk music in the middle of your week.

Focus on local and Canadian singer-songwriters, regular features on other regions with in-house visits.

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLINDHAR 10:00-12:00AM Let Di's Jindha and Bindha immerse you in radioactive Bhungari "Chakki de phutay." Listen to all our favourite Punjabi tunes - remixes and originals. Broooach!

THURSDAYS

THE LAST DESK 8:30-10:00AM Listen carefully as Johnny B brings you CiTR's classical music show. Featuring Canadian composers, another hour more. Radio can loco, for the masses.

FILIBUSTER alt. 10:00-11:30AM From according to the backwoods via swingin' lounge sounds... this show is a genre free zone.

MUSIC FOR ROBOTS alt. 10:00-11:30AM Viva La Robotic Revolution. Electronics...noiz...new wave, no wave.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30-1:00PM From Talmio to Gandus, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby. (hardcore).

JUSTIN'S TIME 2:00-3:00PM Serving up your weekly dose of Shirley Horn and other jazz-filled confessions.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM Hardcore and Punk rock since 1989. http://mpjogg.direct.ca/~fflight/

BBC WORLD NEWS SERVICE.

TARTS ON ARTS 5:30-6:00PM alt. Tune in for a lively update on the arts community.

ENTERTAINMENT DESK 5:30-6:00PM alt. Movie reviews and criticism.

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH CREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM Roots of rock & roll.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bands from 10-11.

SUPPERY SLOT 11:00-1:00AM Farm animals, plush toys and Napoleon Dynamite. These are a few of my favourite things. It's all about shootin' the shit and rock'n' roll, baby.

FRIDAYS

VENUS LITTRAP'S LOVE DEN 8:30-10:00AM Join Greg in the love den for a cocktail. We'll hear retro stuff, groovy jazz, and thicker stuff too. See you here... and bring some ice. XCXX

SKA-TS SCENE-IX DRIVE! 10:00-12:00PM Tune in for another fun-filled hour of ska with hosts Julie and Stan.

LOUCKE, ALISON'S 12:00-2:00 All kinds of music spoken word, interviews. Please in for comments or requests. Tune in and expose yourself to new music and ideas.

LITTLE TWIN STARS 2:00-3:30PM Underground, experimental, indie and women. Jaccuz space rock it's the fastest.

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM Have a good brunch!

NOIZ 4:00-5:00PM self-titled.

CITY DINNER REPORTS 5:00-5:30PM RADIO ACTIVE 5:30-6:00PM Social justice issues, Amnesty International updates, activism and bucking up the evil corporate powers that be!!!

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS 6:00-9:00PM alt. Sounds of the transpacific underground, from west jave to Detroit. Sound system operator, Don Chow.

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old Jazz, soul, latin, samba, bossa & African Music around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00-12:00AM The original live mixed dance program in Vancouver. Hosted by DJ Noah, the main focus of the show is techno, but also includes some trance, acid, tribal, etc... Great DJ's, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more are part of the flavour of homebass.

LUMP SINK 12:00-2:00AM Hosted by the G4Z players. "The show that doesn't hate you." with your friendly pal Fritz Fritter Abtackel and Postman Pat.

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00-12:00PM Music you won't hear anywhere else, studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, ticket giveaways, plus World Cup Report at 11:30 AM. 8-9 AM: African/World roots. 9-12 noon: Celtic music and performances.

POWER CHORD 12:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show, local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM Blues and blues roots with your hosts Anne and Andy. RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM. Join host Dave Emory and colleague Pip Luck for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape reader and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KFCJ (Los Altos, California).

LIVE! AT THE HH-HATTI 11:00PM-1:00AM "Live! - shows and bands - admission \$6.00 - Performers are subject to change." Maximum Soul.

RIPOUT 10:00-12:00AM hip hop REBEL JAZZ 10:00-12:00AM Join Girish for some rebel jazz.

EARWAX alt. 1:00AM-DAWN "little bit of drum, bit of bass and a whole lot of noise". Late-night radio soundclouds destined to fit your hard. Zine features, past experimental chunes, and the occasional humblebrag symphony. "Money, we'll rock you on 'til the break of dawn." - G. Smiley

CiTR needs you!

We are always on the search for dedicated & creative persons to join, train and become talented and enriching DJs. No experience necessary!!

Wanted: Late-night DJs, a Japanese show, an African show, and a First Nations show. Come by CiTR in room 253 of the UBC Student Union or Call 622.1242 and talk to Namiko.

CiTR
101.9 fm

WHO
HOW

Arts Allison Dunnet
Board Chair Harry Hertscheg
Business Thomas Hicks
Current Affairs Sarah Efron
Demos/Cassettes Dale Sawyer
Engineer Richard Anderson
Entertainment Clinton Ma
Mobile Sound Ken Orchard
Music Siobhan & Megan
Production Ryan Ong
Production Mark Constantinecu
Programming Namiko Kunimoto
Promotions Justin Ho
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Sports Slavko Bucifal
Station Manager Linda Scholten
Traffic Marlene Yuen
Vice President Frank Hemville
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CiTR 101.9 fm presents

SHINDIG

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ROUND ONE
SEPTEMBER 30th
TREC CRUSHER
SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM
KAREN FOSTER

ROUND TWO
OCTOBER 7th
BLESS THE POD
PERILOUS TIDE FROM THE OTHER SIDE
WILLI WAW

OCTOBER 14th
KNOCKIN' DOG
SAUL DUCK
JOHN FORD

OCTOBER 21st
HOUNDS OF BUSKERVILLE
SURFIN' COWBOYS
THE SPITFIRES



with MC
BRYCE DUNN

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UNIVERSAL CONCERTS

DISCORDER

TURTLE RECORDING



october '97 LONG VINYL october '97 SHORT VINYL october '97 INDIE HOME JOBS

1 various artists	what's up matador	matador
2 shizuo	shizuo va shizor	grand royal
3 the tonics	looking for the ...	lance rock
4 cub	mauler!	augogo
5 neko case & ...	the virginian	mint
6 e&or	all of us can be rich	grand royal
7 pee chees	games people play	kill rock stars
8 the delta 72	the soul of a ...	touch & go
9 miranda july	10 million hours ...	kill rock stars
10 calxico	spoke	quarterstick
11 lake of dracula	lake of dracula	skin graft
12 broadcast	work and non work	drag city
13 barbara manning	1212	matador
14 white hassle	white hassle	matador
15 crescent	electronic sound ...	atavistic
16 the drags	stop rock and roll	estrus
17 mouse on mars	cache coeur naif	thrill jockey
18 the kiezmatiks	possessed	green linnet
19 8 eyed spy	luncheon	atavistic
20 ween	the mollusk	elektra
21 the high llamas	hawaii	alpaca
22 nothing painted blue	emotional discipline	scat
23 bluedot	magical power mako	atavistic
24 arto lindsay	mundo civilizado	bar none
25 geraldine fibbers	butch	virgin
26 us maple	sang phat editor	skin graft
27 bs 2000	bs 2000	grand royal
28 friends of dean m.	retrograde	sub pop
29 r.l. burnside	mr.wizard	fat possum
30 microstoria	reprovisers	thrill jockey
31 superchunk	indoor living	merge
32 the crabs	what were flames now smolder	k
33 the sonora pine	II	touch & go
34 man or astro-man?	made from technetium	touch & go
35 blue veil	blue veil	arson

1 jale	true what you say ready to break
2 murder city devils	s/t empty
3 von zippers	hot rod monkey screaming apple
4 stock, hausen, and ...	stripper eerie
5 the mants	mant from u.n.c.l.e lance rock
6 the need	jacky o'lantern outpunk
7 heldorado	jesco way empty
8 discount	wonder pulled me under liquid meat
9 thrush hermit	s/t bong load
10 wingnuts	quick brown fox ... olam8
11 run on	as good as new matador
12 peatmos	earl grey tea sonorama
13 pansy division	manada mint
14 orans	paper harriet
15 celestial magenta	clivedon independent
16 tokidoki	news days harriet
17 tullycraft/rizzo	split harriet
18 ativin	modern gang reader ativin
19 lake of dracula	untitled skin graft
20 no knife	communist china time bomb

1 the wingnuts	hate my job
2 plumtree	in the sink
3 touch & gos	campus radio boy
4 quonset	desert blade
5 bug	going nowhere
6 blisterene	michael hunt
7 mk naomi	fern
8 oh susanna	shame
9 mizmo	tarantino cringe
10 jp5	fuzzyhead pills
11 more socks	shut up i'm sinking
12 bona-fly	headspace
13 gaze	preppy villain
14 euphonix	let's get out of these ...
15 plump	cold feet
16 the colorifics	747 (now i see heaven)
17 manifold	rails, flotation, aerodynamics
18 tickertape parade	audience with the pope
19 kreviss	expose
20 k-stars	drugs & gurus



what we listened to during this sad month of goodbyes ...

broadcast • dj spooky • jim o'rouke • unrest • bis • ida • bedhead • stercolab • sleater-kinney • tullycraft • madder rose • wedding present • blaise pascal • geraldine fibbers • hyc • julie doiron • mrs. torrance • flashlight • pizzicato five • cornershop • crabs •

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THURS & FRI 11 - 8

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rocto- ber datebook



FRI 26 Guitarevolution@Western Front... Artificial Joy Club@Richards... The Pursuit of Happiness, Monoxides@Starfish Room... International Film Festival@various venues(through 'til Oct 12)

SAT 27 Terje Rypdal, Hemispheres, Wolfgang Fuchs@Web Café... Down By Law, 10 Days Late@Starfish Room... The Pursuit of Happiness, Monoxides@Studebakers... Allen Ginsberg Memorial Tribute@Vogue Theatre

SUN 28 Guitarevolution@Western Front... Wolfgang Fuchs@Squish'd Knish...

MON 29 Jim Black@Naam... Grrls with Guitars: Katherine Wahamoa, Beverley Elliott, Georgina Taylor@Railway Club... Catherine Wheel@Richard's on Richards...

TUE 30 CITR presents Shindig!: Treecrusher, Solution to the Problem, Karen Foster@Railway Club... Jazz Fish@Naam... Mrs. Torrance, Chad Richardson@Gate... Catherine Wheel@Richard's on Richards...

OCT WED 1 Sing Sing Dead Man, Dead Modal Shoot, South of Main@Starfish Room... Damian Azriel@Naam... **THU 2** Morrissey@Orpheum... The Malchiks, Loud Mouth Mason@Starfish Room...

FRI 3 Headstones, superGARAGE@Graceland... The Need, Mocken@Crocodile Cafe... Tonic@Rage... Herald Nix@Railway Club...

SAT 4 Herald Nix, Greg Garing@Railway Club... The Selector, Duotang, The Friggs@Starfish Room... ICE @Pacific Centre Mall (through 'til 25)...

SUN 5 Andrew Davis Duo@Naam... **MON 6** Kinzie Starr, Oh Susanna, Veda Hille@Richard's on Richards...

TUE 7 CITR presents Shindig!: Bless the Pod, Perilous From the Other Side, Williwaw@Railway Club...

WED 8 Pretty Human, Wayside, Forget Your Face@Starfish Room... Dave Young Trio@Web Café... Wheatchiefs@Railway Club...

THU 9 Hard Rubber Orchestra@Starfish Room...

FRI 10 Bafuchi: Ballet Folklorico de Chile@Massey Theatre... Faith No More, Limp Bizkit@Rage...

SAT 11 Mia Wain, Mr. Wrong, The Primords@Starfish Room... Jamie Clark@Naam...

SUN 12 Naomi Wolf@Chan Centre... **MON 13** Jazz Fest@Naam...

TUE 14 CITR presents Shindig!: Knockin' Dog, Saul Duck, John Ford@Railway Club... Southern Culture on the Skins@Richard's on Richards... Cinnamon, The Minstrels@Brickyard... Ondekoza: Japanese Demon Drummers@Orpheum...

WED 15 Charlatans UK, Dandy Warhols@Rage... Superchunk@Starfish Room... Oliver Stone@Orpheum... James Taylor Quartet@Sonar...

FRI 17 Thrush Hermit@Picadilly Pub... DJ Spooky, Scanner@Chameleon...

SAT 18 Brad Mehldau Trio@VECC... Inbreds, Wooden Stars@Starfish Room...

SUN 19 To Have and Have Not, Dark Passage@Pacific Cinématheque...

TUE 21 CITR presents Shindig!: Hounds of Buskerville, Surfin' Cowboys The Spitfires@Railway Club...

WED 22 the empyta@Railway Club... Writers and Readers Festival@various venues(through 'til 26)

THU 23 The Honeydops@Starfish Room... **FRI 24** Weeping Tile@Starfish Room... The Cramps, Guitar Walk, Demolition Dollroads@Graceland...

SAT 25 Windy & Carl, The Electrosonics, Citroen, Pipe dream@Brickyard... Don Byron's Bug Music@Starfish Room...

SUN 26 Casablanca, The Treasure of the Sierra Madre@Pacific Cinématheque...

MON 27 Grrls with Guitars: Melanie Dekker, Evani Goll, Linda Kidder, Robin Toma with Wendy Jane Ballard@Railway Club...

TUE 28 CITR presents Shindig!@Railway Club... **WED 29** Show Business Giants@Railway Club...

THU 30 Man or Astronaut?, Delta 72@Starfish Room... Dunhill Alley Cats Hell'ween Scramble@Nootka Studios...

FRI 31 Happy Halloween!

Special events

SCRAPPY BITCH TOUR :
On their cross-Canada blitz, Oh Susanna, Kinzie Starr & Veda Hille protect us all (in their superheroine motif) from the ghastly unimim, evil that is out there. Monday, October 6 @ Richard's on Richards.

HARD RUBBER ORCHESTRA :
As it calling themselves "a virtuosos blend of Public Enemy, Guy Lombardo and Karlheinz Stockhausen" isn't reason enough to be there, it's brought to you by the EVIL Cantafina people. Thursday, October 9 @ the Starfish Room.

S H I N D I G ! 1 9 9 7
Yes, it's that time of year again. CITR's annual battle of the bands is in full force. Come on down and see the local talent and uh, maybe get a feel for a joke. Tuesdays through December 16 @ the Railway Club.

DUNHILL ALLEY CATS HELL'WEEN SCRAMBLE
In the 11th Annual International Bike Courier Race, 150 couriers in all their spandex goodness weave in and out of position to see the bands Maow, Malchiks, High Hog Mechanix, Show Business Giants, Royal Grande Prix, Ten Days Gate, the smalls, Grace Babies, Nootka Rancheros, Mr. Wrong The Muscle Bitches and Boogie-Ass Thursday, October 30 (5pm), Friday, October 31 (5pm) and Saturday, November 1 (noon) @ Nootka Studios.

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE! TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822 9364, ATTENTION 'DATEBOOK.' DEADLINE FOR THE NOVEMBER ISSUE IS OCTOBER 15TH!

everything
you need to know
about.....
everywhere you need to go

The Abyss 315 E. Broadway (side entrance)
Anderson's Restaurant (Jazz on the Creek)
Anza Club 3 W. 8th (Mount Pleasant)
Arts Hotline
Bassix 217 W. Hastings (at Cambie)
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island)
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th (at MacDonald)
The Brickyard 315 Carroll St.
Cafe Deux Soles 2096 Commercial (the Drive)
Cafe Vieux Montreal 317 E. Broadway (Mount Pleasant)
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall)
Celebrities 1022 Davis (at Burrard)
Chameleon Union House 801 W. Georgia (Downtown)
Clean Centre for the Performing Arts 6265 Crescent Rd (UBC)
Club Mardi Gras 398 Richards St.
CN Inna Theatre 999 Canada Place
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova)
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville (Granville Mall)
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova (Gastown)
Crowsfoot Traffic 316 W. Hastings (Downtown)
Dennan Place Cinema 1030 Dennan (West End)
Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden Main Hall 578 Carroll St.
DVB 515 Davis (Downtown)
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main)
Food Not Bombs Vancouver
Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC)

488 6219
684 3777
676 7128
684 2787
689 7734
687 1354
732 5087
685-3978
254 1195
873 1331
683 6099
689 3810
669 0806
687 5007
682 4629
683 3757
681 1531
683 5637
689 7573
683 2201
652 3027
682 4388
689 0926
872 6719
822 2678

Garage Pub 2889 E. Hastings (downtown)
Mara 6 Powell (Gastown)
Gastown Theatre 36 Powell (Gastown)
The Gate 1176 Granville (downtown)
Graceland 1250 Richards (downtown)
Greg's Place 4584 Yale Rd. (Chilliwack)
The Grind Gallery 4124 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
Hemp B.C. 324 W. Hastings (downtown)
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano)
Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
It's A Secret 1221 Granville St. (downtown)
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey)
La Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive)
The Lotus Club 455 Abbott (Gastown)
Lucky's 3972 Main
Lux-A-Fair 1275 Seymour (downtown)
Mars 1320 Richards (downtown)
Maximum Blues Pub 1176 Granville (downtown)
Niagara Gallery Pub 435 W. Pender (downtown)
Medialuna 1926 W. Broadway
Nook Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave (Kitsilano)
Old American Pub 928 Main (downtown)
Orpheum Theatre Smith & Seymour (downtown)
Pacific Cinématheque 1131 Howe (downtown)
Paradise 27 Church (New West)
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall)
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver)
Picadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour)
Pit Pub basement, Student Union Building (UBC)
Pint Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown)
Puzzle Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall)
Plaza Ontario 15 Water St. (gastown)
Raffels Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown)
The Rage 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations)

822 9364
689 0649
684 MASK
688 8701
688 2648
7 95 3334
322 6057
681 4620
738 3211
873 4131
688 7755
224 8007
251 6626
685 7777
875 9858
685 3288
230 MARS
688 8701
688 7574
738 7151
682 3291
665 3050
688 3456
525 0371
681 1732
876 2747
682 3221
682 6273
681 6740
685 7050
602 9442
873 1593
685 5585

Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir (at Seymour)
Richard's On Richards 1036 Richards (downtown)
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus (at 16th Ave.)
Russian Hall 600 Campbell (Chinatown)
Scratch Records 109 W. Cordova (Gastown)
Shoabolt Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby)
Sonar 66 Water (Gastown)
Southill Candy Shop 4198 Main (at 26th)
Squish'd Knish 4470 Main (at 29th)
Starfish Room 1055 Homer (downtown)
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman (West End)
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (off Main)
St. Regis Hotel 602 Dunsmuir (downtown)
Stonetemple Cabaret 1082 Granville St. (downtown)
Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville (downtown)
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown)
Thunderbolt Ent. Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van)
The Tower 339 W. Hastings (downtown)
Twilight Zone 7 Alexander (Gastown)
UBC Grad Centre Gate 4 (UBC)
Vancouver E. Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria)
Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
Vancouver Press Club 2215 Granville (S. Granville)
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey)
Vert/Washout 1020 Granville (downtown)
Video In Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall)
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.)
Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave.
Whip Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave. (at Main)
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive)
Women In Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano)
Yale Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown)
Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano)

681 1625
687 6794
738 6311
874 6200
687 6355
291 6864
683 6695
876 7463
879 9017
682 4171
689 0096
688 3312
681 8915
988 2473
682 8550
822 0999
254 9578
876 4165
738 7015
222 2235
872 2999
872 8337
631 7009
685 6217
876 9243
254 5858
732 4128
681 9253
738 3232

Then
TOBIN SPROUT Moonflower Plastic
LI-ZIQ Lunatic Harness
LUKE VIBERT Big Soup
KNAPSACK Day Three of My Life